John D. Mackay
Cincinnati

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THE DOMAIN OF ART

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THE DOMAIN OF ART

BY

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TO MY OLD FRIEND

HENRY WILLETT

LECTURE I.

ARTIST AND AMATEUR.

It would be idle for me to pretend that in undertaking the duties of Slade Professor in this University I am without misgiving. It is exactly ten years since the study of Art-history ceased to be the main preoccupation of my life and was exchanged for the engrossing cares and excitements of a more active career. I cannot therefore stand before you, clothed in the panoply of complete knowledge of the latest discoveries in Art-history or the finest *nuances* of recent Art-criticism; but Art is wide as Life itself, and whoso has once given himself to her, never escapes her sweet enthralment.

In the deepest recesses of the ice-clad region of Central Asia, in the densest forests of the Amazon, in the fairy solitudes of the Arctic Regions, in the torrid expanse of Tropical Deserts, on the broad ocean or the high mountain-top, the soul that has been educated, in however small a degree, through study of Art, to a keener sensitiveness to natural beauty, never ceases to be in

touch with the sources of its inspiration; but comes back from Nature to Art once more, with renewed powers of appreciation, developed capacities for enjoyment, a healthier aesthetic fibre, a keener vision for beauty; for as Albrecht Dürer so tersely and truly expressed it, "Art standeth firmly fixed in Nature, and whoso can rend her forth thence, he only possesseth her."

Behind Nature and Art alike there stand hidden the same eternal mysteries, to perceive the faintest glimmerings of whose existence is the greatest gift that Life can bestow. But, as the ancient Indian poet sang, "Him who is expressed in these things we shall never know. Something else stands between us and him. Enveloped in mist and with faltering voice, the poets walk along rejoicing in Life." Joy in Life—that is what originates Art; that is the end which it serves. Where there is joy, Art must assuredly arise: in the life of Action as in the life of Contemplation, amongst the humble as amongst the rich, in the backward as in the most advanced races of mankind. It is only in the miserable dregs and equally miserable froth of humanity that Art is unknown.

Wandering in remote places of the earth involves abstinence from picture-galleries, theatres, and concert-halls, but often brings the traveller in contact with those simpler forms of Art, out of which in long process of time the more complex forms have been developed. Where people build houses, still more where they build

temples, the germs of architecture may almost always be discovered. The wooden village-mosques in the remotest valleys of the Hindu Kush, for example, possess extraordinary artistic merit, as also do the Gonpas and other religious edifices of Tibet. Even more striking, as examples of the exhaustless human tendency to artistic creation, are the wild music and dances of simple folk. Many a delightful hour do I remember in the far-away valleys of Hunza and Nagar and Baltistan spent in listening to, and watching such displays.

Late one summer afternoon the sun, drawing to the west, filled the Astor valley with a flood of purple shadow. One or two rugs had been spread under the trees beside the village dancing ground, and we were sitting upon them in company with the village elders. Before us in a semicircle were the pipers and drummers; all the male inhabitants stood around. A popular dancer came forward and was greeted by the crowd with a yell of delighted anticipation. He stood in the midst of the ring and appeared to enter into some hypnotic relation with the pipers and drummers, whose music took its tone from his movements and expression. At first he danced slowly, hardly lifting his feet from the ground; he stretched forth his arms in their long sleeves and waved them gently. The energy of his movements gradually increased; the music grew wilder; the audience shouted and tingled

in every fibre with a strange enthusiasm derived from the dancer. His gestures became madder; his head moved between his shoulders as if in a slot; he stamped with his feet; the expression of his countenance constantly changed. The pipes screamed; the drummers perspired with the violence of their blows. The icy peaks, fretting the sky, far aloft, in everlasting calm, formed contrast and background. It was a rude art, but where in the civilized world will you find one that so completely matches a people's mood, or evokes a keener delight?

The scene changes and we are on the soil of the ancient kingdom of the Incas. From a foundation of orchard-clad slopes, blushing for miles with peach blossoms, the giant Illimani, home of an ancient mountain god, rising through terraced fields of maize and grassy alps, lifts its final cliffs and razor-crest of ice into the blue. We are standing on the tip of a flying buttress of the mountain, amidst the ruins of a nameless temple. An immense cirque, like some vast amphitheatre, curves round before us, and the huge peak rises on its further side. Below, in the midst of the hollow, one of the little terraced fields, beaten flat by human feet, is the dancing ground; and there in the dreamy afternoon, when the day's work is done, a dozen men have gathered. They are grouped in a ring, like children round a maypole. In the midst of them one sits playing a simple air on a melancholy flute. The others dance slowly in a circle with no violence of gesture and

almost without intermission. The plaintive air repeats and repeats and the dance continues, the bright crimson, green, and orange ponchos of the dancers giving to the ring the aspect of a chaplet of flowers. A soft light envelopes all the scene; gentle breezes whisper through the trees and grass; falling waters murmur all around; the distant boom of an occasional avalanche of ice or rock reports the spirits of the mountain to be likewise looking on.

Let us change the scene again to the midst of the sunburnt and sorrowful desert, where a Bedouin encampment is swallowed up in the glare of the sunshine, as completely as a village hidden in the folds of night. Save for some possible wealth in camels and horses, the inhabitants are as poor as men can be. A gay coloured carpet or two they may possess, and perhaps ornamented harness for the beasts, but other material objects of art they know not. Even in Arab villages, or in the capital of Nejd itself, architecture is of the humblest and the other arts scarcely exist—with one great exception. Enter almost any Bedouin encampment, when coffee is drunk; you will find a group of men engaged in earnest conversation. They will be discussing some passage from the Koran, some verse of a favourite poet, or even some nice point of grammar. Not in Paris in the great days of conversation was the art of language more sedulously cultivated than it is to-day, and for centuries

has been, by the poverty-stricken wanderers in the deserts of Arabia. That is why Arabic has grown to be the richest and most musical and perhaps the most poetical language in the world.

Art, as we shall have further occasion to observe, may be defined as the manner in which a material is used for the production of beauty. The material may be language, or the movements of the body, or sound, or life itself, as well as stone, or plaster, or paint, or ink and paper. In the moulding of all these things Art may arise, so that there lives no human being, how poor soever, who may not beautify his life by Art. Whatever is done for the sake of giving pleasure to someone else belongs to the category of Art. That which a man does solely to please himself is not Art. Herein lies the distinction between Art and Sport. A man plays cricket for the delight he feels in the exercise of his powers and skill, not for the joy of the onlookers. Twenty-two men would enjoy playing a cricket match without a soul to look on, except the umpires and the scorer; but a company of actors would find no satisfaction in performing to an empty house. Art therefore is not the mere exercise of skill, but it is the exercise of skill to a definite end, and that end is in the strictest sense of the word Pleasure.

Pleasure in our loose English usage has come to be thought of as something received; but that is not its true meaning. Pleasure is the English form of the old

French *plaisir*, modern *plaire*, to please. It is something given, something produced by one person for others; it implies both a giver and a receiver. So does Art. There must be the artist, and there must be the person or persons sensitive to his art, before that art can be said really to exist. Delight may arise from many things that are not Art. The life of every healthy human being is full of joy—joy in physical activity, joy in working towards an end, joy in the mere doing of duty, joy even in self-sacrifice. The man who makes his own delight the end and aim of his activities never attains that end thereby. It is only by aiming at something else than self-gratification that joy comes to a man in his own activities. This is part of the great law, tersely stated in the immortal words, "he that loseth his life shall find it." A banker, an artisan, a merchant, a statesman, and similarly an artist receive joy in the doing of their work, and in some degree in proportion to the skill with which it is done. But his own delight is no more the purpose and end of the artist's labours than it is of the statesman's or the mariner's. The pleasure which Art exists to produce is not the maker's but that of another.

No great painter ever painted a picture for the purpose of living in delighted contemplation of his own finished work, no sculptor would care to spend his life in a gallery of his own statues. Painters and sculptors must work for others. Dimly in the background of

their mind, throughout their work, they must have some ideal recipient in view—an ideal recipient, the counterpart of themselves, capable of fully perceiving the beauty it is their aim to render, capable of thrilling responsive to the thrill of conception that they themselves experienced. We have heard tell of an orator "intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," but no orator ever found the end and purpose of his art to be pouring forth his impassioned periods into a phonograph and then listening enraptured to the return of his own oration.

The emotion of delight, which it is the artist's specific function to produce, arises through an appeal to the Sense of Beauty. There must therefore be a conception of the beautiful in the artist's mind before he can transfer it to the mind of another. This is true whatever be the art. No literal copying of natural objects, no mere imitation of anything, however skilful, can be artistic. It is the imitation of a thing for the sake of its beauty, or rather it is the attempt to shadow forth the beauty of the thing, that makes the artist. Not a chance beauty but an intended beauty is the purpose of artistic production. Correspondingly it is the part of the recipient to behold in a work of art, not mere technical skill, but the idea of beauty intended by the artist. Probably no man is responsive to every kind of beauty. Each of us is doubtless blind to whole categories, and an honest man admits his blindness. All Art is not for the enjoyment of all men, any more than it is for the creation of one

artist. He that can find beauty anywhere in the wide world of Nature or Man has the root of the artistic disposition within him, though the technical skill to realize it may be absent. He to whom any work of art has ever appealed, awakening in him the unmistakeable thrill of joy, has the capacity of artistic recipience, which time, opportunity, and will are only needed to develop.

It is not enough for a landscape painter to set himself down to the first view that opens before him and laboriously to transfer its every feature to his canvas, even were such transference possible. By the nature of things he cannot transfer the whole of what he sees on to any canvas however big. Though he work with the minuteness of a Jan van Eyck, he is compelled to select, compelled to omit infinitely more than he includes. The first essential thing is that the view should have struck the artist as beautiful. The artist must have beheld, instinctively in the infinite complexity of the view, certain features, be they grouping of forms, effects of light, harmony of colour, charm of texture, or whatever you please, which cause the feeling to arise within him "How beautiful!" The whole of any landscape is never beautiful. It may be interesting, wonderful, or what not; but beauty resides in the human mind, not in the landscape. Only he that possesses it in himself can project it into any external world. When the artist in contact with Nature has this Sense of Beauty alive within him, and projects it forth upon the objects

by which he conceives himself to be surrounded, it seems indeed to him that the beauty is in those objects. We are accustomed to speak as though this were so. Whether it be so or not, this is certain—and every person can verify the observation for himself—that of whatever he beholds, he beholds not the whole but only some part. He does not see at one moment all the leaves on a tree, nor all the pebbles on a shore. He is not equally conscious at one and the same instant of beauty of form and beauty of colour. It is the business of the artist to realize clearly what the elements are in any scene that combine to appeal to him simultaneously as beautiful. Only these elements is he called upon to depict. The most perfect artist is he who, with the most unerring certainty, selects from the infinite complex of Nature what for him are the elements of beauty, and depicts them and them only with strict veracity and least expenditure of means. A work of art thus produced will not of course appeal to everybody, but there are always some to whom it will appeal, be they many or few. To such persons the artist will succeed in transferring the thrill of delight which he himself experienced at the moment of perception or conception, and that transference is the whole purpose of any Work of Art. In fact, what we call a Work of Art is a thing so made. It is an incarnation of beauty in flight from soul to soul. "Are not words and tunes," asks Nietsche's Zarathustra, "rainbows and seeming

bridges between things eternally separated? Unto each soul belongeth a different world.....With tunes our love danceth on many-coloured rainbows."

It may well happen that the percipient of beauty in a work of landscape-art may be led to realise some quality of beauty in nature that he never dreamt of before, and thenceforward in the presence of Nature he may find a similar sense of beauty arising in his own mind.

This is true not merely of the landscape painter's art but of all arts whatsoever, and herein lies the artist's supreme power. It is the fashion in our day to decry the Art-teaching of John Ruskin; but his transcendent merit stands firmly rooted, not in his Art-theories, but in the unrivalled awakening power of his literary Art. It was not merely the keenness with which he saw beauty in many forms, though like all men he was blind to it in some; it was not merely the clearness with which he realized beauty when he did see it; nor the power, vividness, and splendour with which he expressed it; but it was that his expression took such forms as were easily perceived and absorbed by multitudes of men, so that he availed to give, as it were, sight to the blind and to quicken the stony-hearted into sympathy. How many men, I wonder, of his own and later generations, have owed to the stimulus he applied, their first clear vision of worlds of loveliness, to whose very existence they were previously unborn?

The modern school of Landscape Art arose side by side with the growth of Natural Science. The study of Nature made men love her in a new way. Landscape painting and landscape poetry were the result. The beauties enshrined in picture and poem sent men back to Nature, alert to find their like; and thus by action and reaction between artists and persons sensitive to the language of Art, the growth of the love of Nature was fostered and all the Arts of Landscape expanded with it.

It is of course impossible to create in any person an emotion of pleasure in a thing which does not please him; but where the emotion exists in however rudimentary a form, experience shows that much can be done to develop it. For one thing the emotion is contagious. It is difficult to stand by an individual, who is taking keen delight in something, and to be in communion with him, without feeling some trace of the emotion oneself. Some hypnotic suggestion, some undefined interrelation between two sympathetic human beings does in fact facilitate the transfer of emotion from one to the other. If this be true of individuals, much more is it true of crowds. Few men can form part of an enthusiastic crowd without partaking of its enthusiasm. The thrill runs from man to man, overriding prepossessions and submerging individualities; and the emotion once aroused in an individual tends to grow.

This is the whole theory of commonplace political

propaganda. By advertisement and all the ordinary means of publicity, you gather as big a crowd as you can into a hall. Their mere concourse generates a fictitious enthusiasm, which popular music and songs raise to a higher fervour. Before them appears a practised stump-speaker, trained in the skill of hardy assertion, whose business it is to praise one set of men without stint and to blame another with equal lack of reserve. The crowd, knowing what to expect, has come together, leavened by a group of ready-made sympathisers. They greet with applause the expression of the opinions which they are accustomed to believe to be their own, and before very long the whole crowd shouts for joy at statements which would not have raised a ripple of emotion, if made to the individuals, one by one, of whom the crowd is composed. When the meeting disperses, most of the audience forget their enthusiasm as quickly as they obtained it, and are ready the next day to go and shout as loudly for the other side. But the theory is—and in practice it is found to be true—that the minds of a certain number of the audience will have been more or less permanently polarized, not so much by the arguments of the speaker as by the mere contagion of the crowd's enthusiasm. The mental tendency thus established is capable of being worked up and developed by the well-understood arts of canvassing and journalism.

It is similar with enthusiasm for Art. Few, if any,

men are born with it. In the life of each, who grows to be an art-lover, there is a moment when the emotion is first experienced, and many remember that moment for the rest of their days. Sometimes it arises in the presence of Nature, sometimes in contact with a work of Art, not necessarily of a high order. Oftenest, perhaps, it comes through an emotional transference from one to another, it may be in the atmosphere of affection.

Ruskin has admirably described (*Praeterita*, i. 194) what he calls his own first entrance into life. He had arrived with his parents at Schaffhausen and had gone with them for a walk, no thought of seeing the Alps being in their minds. "It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe, and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue,—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern of Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent,—suddenly—behold—beyond,

"There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed,—the seen walls of lost Eden would not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death.

"It is not possible to imagine, in any time of the

world, a more blessed entrance into life, for a child of such a temperament as mine."

Once the emotion of beauty has been quickened in a man, to however limited an extent and by whatever means, he will enjoy a similar experience better next time; then one less similar. His delight will spread over a whole category of experiences, and thus he will become receptive to one form of Art. From that, his joy may spread to other forms; so that in a short time, what was a mere Philistine may be transformed into an enthusiast of art. I well remember the late Mr Grant Allen describing to me how such a change took place in his own nature. He had been a mere man of science, interested in all kinds of reasoning about nature, but blind to the beauty of Art. Art he said was to him mere foolishness and the talk about it aesthetic twaddle (as in fact it often is). It happened, however, one day, when he was taking a holiday in Italy, that rain drove him to take shelter in the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. He said that his emotion on entering was a sense of wonder what sensible people could find to interest them in such a place. He strolled into the picture-gallery quite aimlessly and in a few minutes found himself standing before some picture and enjoying it. He bought a catalogue to find out more about it, whom it was painted by, when, what for and under what conditions. Then he hunted out other pictures by the same painter, looked up the work of his master and of some of

his contemporaries. Long before any symptoms of boredom came upon him, the gallery closed and he was turned out into the street. "After all," he soliloquized, "Art is quite interesting!" and he devoted the remainder of his life to her.

The two human faculties which a Work of Art implies, the Creative and the Receptive, are thus both capable of development. By no known process can you with certainty originate either faculty in a man wholly lacking in it, if such person there be. But where the faculty exists it can be developed. The conviction that this is so, is shown by the multitude of Art Schools, wherewith civilized countries are now provided. The primary purpose of such schools is to equip artists with the requisite technical skill to enable them to express such emotions of beauty as may arise in them. The secondary purpose, often far too much neglected, is, by bringing the student in contact with noble works of art of various kinds and under the influence of as stimulating a teacher as possible, to feed and develop his sense of beauty and thus provide material for his skill to express.

It is a remarkable fact that the other faculty, equally essential to the life of Art in a country, the perceptive faculty, receives hardly any attention at the hands of educationists. Governments and municipalities will spend money enough on making artists, who when made will be unable to live, unless each of them can

find a considerable body of amateurs to buy his work. Yet the same governments and municipalities which subsidize Art-schools are by no means correspondingly intent on developing the perceptive faculty in the purchasing public. They will hold an occasional exhibition and even perhaps form a permanent gallery of paintings, as though pictures were the only Art, whilst in the incompetent planning of new streets and erection of public monuments and buildings, in the obliteration of open spaces, the destruction of scenes of natural beauty, and such other perverse object-lessons, they more than counteract the educational effect of their vaunted exhibitions.

Let us take a contemporary instance. A body of public opinion is now forming in favour of what is called the Taxation of Site Values. This may be a proper or an improper means of raising revenue. I have nothing to say for or against it on this platform. What I do observe, however, is that neither its proposers nor its opponents seem to have made the smallest attempt to consider what effect such taxation, in the form in which it is shadowed forth, is bound to have upon the beauty of our towns. Such a tax would fall with ruinous effect upon the owners of open spaces and plots of garden-ground, not yet invaded by the flat-builder. Now one of the greatest glories of London is its little private gardens, remnants of the country engulfed in the great city. These little gardens are not

merely a joy to their owners, but also to all the neighbours whose windows command a glimpse of them; and they form valuable lungs even for houses that are out of sight. So far from garden-owners being penalized in a great city, they ought rather to be endowed. Whatever legislation tends to cover every inch of ground in a city with buildings is pernicious. The pressure of population and the natural desire of a land-owner to make the most profitable use of his property already exercise an almost irresistible impulse to abolish private city-gardens. In England this is to some extent counterbalanced by the Englishman's inherited love of nature and of life in contact with nature. That most healthful sentiment should be encouraged in every way for the common good. Every scrap of land kept as a garden in a city should be rated and taxed on the lowest scale. If land-values are to be taxed, all gardens should be exempted from such taxation. Indeed, in the case of large and growing cities, it might be justifiable, in the interest of the common weal, to set a limit to the amount of surface that may be built upon, and even to decree that after a certain date no remaining garden-ground should ever be degraded into building-sites. Such a measure would do more for the practical development of the artistic sensibilities of townsfolk than could be attained by hanging the railings of the houses in all the streets with an annual exhibition of pictures.

Another social habit of ours that must blight

nascent popular taste is the habit of confiding to committees of more or less eminent gentlemen the ordering of local or national monuments. The fact that the average of our modern public monuments is admittedly so low and poor, whilst, during the lifetime of more than a generation, England has produced no inconsiderable number of excellent sculptors and architects, quite capable of making beautiful things instead of the hideous monstrosities they have been driven to make, is proof that our method of raising and ordering monuments is a radically bad one. That method is the method of Committees of Amateurs. It is the committees that are responsible for the badness of the result.

Amateur Committees are our national agency for doing things. They work well enough in ordinary practical affairs, because the inefficient members generally realize their inefficiency and vote with the capable. But in matters of taste committees are anathema. A man of good taste is seldom a convincing reasoner. He is the last kind of person to impose his will on a committee. If it be the business of a committee to give power to, and to screen, a masterful and managing individual, then a committee is the worst possible organisation to put a man of taste and sensibility into the saddle. Everyone who has had to do with such bodies knows the ineptitude of their discussions and the paralysing effect of their suggestions and their criticism. Artists who have had experience of them are unanimous in declaring

that it is almost impossible to produce good work under the supervision of a committee. The artist's ways of thinking and the plain man's are hopelessly irreconcilable. All that a committee has any power to do efficiently is to choose an artist for the work in hand and then to let him do it.

Utterly detestable too are so-called competitions, when a selected or an unlimited number of artists are invited to submit designs. Practically no amateurs and very few professionals are capable of mentally projecting the design into imagined actuality and then judging the work in the place where it is to stand and under the atmospheric and other conditions it is intended to conform to. Fatuous results almost always follow such attempts to introduce into the domain of art our modern system of open or selected competition. Few of the great works of the past were produced in this fashion. An artist may well enough be asked to show specimens of his skill—buildings he has designed and carried to completion, or sculptured monuments made for chosen sites and there erected. By those he should be judged; and the members of the committee of selection who do not go and see them should be debarred from voting. If an artist is good enough to be charged with an important work at all, he is good enough to be given freedom to do what he conceives to be his best. If he may turn whither he pleases for advice, he will assuredly not fail to seek it when he has need; but the last place

to which an artist free to choose would turn for advice is a committee of laymen.

England is not a country of hopeless Philistines. Possibly it does not contain a larger percentage of Philistines than Athens did in the days of Pericles. It is the structure of our society that is Philistine, not the units of which society is composed. From the point of view of Art our governmental methods are faulty, but they are not incapable of reform. Look across the ocean to our kindred; you will find a similar society to our own in which Art has taken firm root. Their monuments, their public buildings, their sky-scraping office-blocks, are far superior to corresponding modern products here. The spirit which has been infused in quite recent years into the people of the United States may likewise be infused into our own folk. It is not the desire that we lack, but the understanding how collectively to go to work to attain the end which all desire. A work of art for the enjoyment of all is essentially the conception of One. Your artist, if he is to do his best, must be the autocrat of his own work, having over it the same responsible independent command as a commander-in-chief has over his army in the field.

The curse of the ill-equipped amateur blights our national life to-day. The fact has been recently and emphatically pointed out. May I be allowed to quote my own statement of it now ten years old[1]?

[1] The *Times*, 7 Dec. 1891, "Government by Amateurs."

"We, the tax-payers of this country, are told that our Army organization is neither efficient nor cheap. We have thought as much these many years past. If we are apathetic...the reason is not far to seek. We know that we are in the power of an organized oligarchy of amateurs, entrenched behind a mighty fortress of 'system.' That is the normal English state of things in these days. For now is the great age of the Amateur. He reigns supreme everywhere. The House of Commons consists of a mass of amateur legislators. Amateurs, wild with fads, pervade our County Councils. Amateur educationalists control the School Boards. Committees of amateurs rule our hospitals and all the institutions of this country that are not conspicuous successes. The Army itself is a machine for turning out on us, in the prime of their life, a mass of amateur civilians, who are forced to find employment as amateur directors of companies, amateur wine-merchants, amateur tradesmen; or to fill other posts for which their professional career has not tended to fit them. The walls of our exhibitions are covered with amateur pictures. Committees of amateurs preside over the erection of public buildings and monumental statues. Amateur authors write half our literature. Amateur actors crowd the stage. Amateur musicians rival the cats on the house-tops in number and cacophony. Amateur working-men organize strikes. Amateur clergy do three-quarters of the preaching. Amateur prophets

reveal a succession of new religions. It is the English latter-day manner of doing things. We should be inconsistent if we did not get landsmen to manage the Navy and civilians to organize the Army."

Let me again remark that to the making of a Work of Art there go two forces—the Creative and the Receptive. The amateur therefore, the man who is to pay for the work, is as necessary to its making as is the artist. What the man with money in his pocket wants, that he will get. You must begin by giving him what he can enjoy; presently he may prefer something better. The taste of the half-crown public determines the character of music-hall entertainments. Experience shows that it is an improving taste. That is ground for hope, though it does not support us very long. There are plenty of discouraging symptoms to set off against it. A few months ago we had amongst us perhaps the most marvellous violinist for natural endowment since Paganini, an artist gifted not merely with astonishing technical skill but with a beautiful power of interpretation that should be consecrated to the greatest compositions. But the half-crown public, and the guinea public too for that matter, by the direction of their applause unmistakeably indicated that it was not the fine rendering of great music which they came to hear, but feats of technique. They demanded of him, and they were shown, wonderful gymnastic exhibitions. What do you suppose was the necessary reaction of

applause, thus vilely discriminated, upon the youthful artist himself?

If all the schools for the making of artists were suppressed to-morrow and in lieu of them were substituted a strong artistic sense in the purchasing public, there would arise far more and far better artists than exist to-day. Educate artists to the supremest skill and then demand vile work from them, you will only get vile work. The men who will not or cannot make it will starve or turn to other professions. The influence of environment is best shown when an artist is taken from one country and set to work in another. He rapidly takes on the influence of the place where he works. It was so with Greek art in India; it was the same with Hellenistic art in Rome. Both were fashioned by Greek artists but modified by local patronage and taste.

The great need of the present day, from the point of view of the production of Fine Art, is the Education of the Amateur, the purchaser. How is this to be accomplished? How even is it to be attempted? That is the problem that faces each occupant of the Slade Chairs in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; for to answer that question is the end for which they were founded. The Slade Professorship in London was intended to be the basis of a school for making artists, but the Professors at Oxford and Cambridge were destined to awaken, or rather to endeavour to

awaken, in the youth of the University a sense of the charm and beauty of Fine Art. This then is the work which I am here to perform. It is not my function—Heaven be praised—to prepare anyone for that vile modern ordeal, an examination. In archaeology you can be examined as much as you please, but not in art. The keynote of art is joy. No one can measure your joy, nor estimate its quality. It is my duty to tell you that art is a necessary part of healthy human life, that there is nothing effeminate about it, nothing unhealthy, nothing ignoble. The self-same love of natural beauty, which drives sportsmen to the moors of Scotland or the rivers of Norway, finds a home, though men do not always know it, in the picture-gallery and the museum. All art is based on joy, produced from joy by honest work, and ends in joy. But joy may be of many kinds. As there is base delight and noble delight, so also there may be base art as well as noble art.

Art resides, not in the subject, but in the artist's attitude towards his subject. The commonest subject may be the foundation of a pure joy. There is a picture by Rembrandt of the carcase of an ox hanging in a butcher's shop. The subject may seem degraded, to a superficial thinker; but it is not. Rembrandt was not thinking of the ox as dead flesh or as something to be cooked and eaten. That was not his subject. He was thinking of the colour of the thing, as Turner might have

thought of the colour of a sunset. It was the beauty that he saw in this richness of colour that was the subject of his art, and that beauty he rendered with supreme skill. A man may cover canvas with Madonnas and with all the Hierarchy of Heaven, without attaining the elevation of subject found by Rembrandt in the inside of an ox. The eye sees and the mind perceives in a thing that which it brings with it the power of seeing.

The power of seeing can be cultivated, and the power of delight purified and elevated by anyone who cares to try. Let a man frankly and honestly realize what it is that he finds beautiful, what kind of beauty appeals to him, other than the beauty of woman which, thank God, all men can enjoy. Having found the spark of delight within himself, let him cherish and foster it till it flames through all his being. Let him avoid aesthetic hypocrisy, more especially that most subtle kind whereby people deceive themselves into believing that they like what they really do not like, that they enjoy what they do not enjoy. As Sterne says in *Tristram Shandy*, "Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of (art) criticism is the most tormenting."

Let a man make some area of beauty however small his own; soon he will find the area expanding. He will rise, not without effort. As he rises his survey will extend to wider horizons. Art will send him

back to Nature—and Nature to Art. The emotion of joy in beauty will come to him with increasing frequency. He will no longer require a volcanic eruption, a panorama of the Alps, or any of Nature's more striking manifestations to awaken it; but he will find its stimulus as unmistakeably in the twinkling of grass beneath the summer breeze, in the ripple of the tiniest brook, in the smallest flower that peeps forth in the hedgerow, in the village homestead, in the country church. He will find it too in the throng of men in the great city, in the rolling smoke of a manufacturing centre, in the flare of a blast furnace upon the night, in the rush and hurry of the railway station, in the deep-throated murmur of the multitude, and in the still small voice of Art in every form. The man who has developed in himself this gift of joy is not thereby rendered less manly, less fit for the life of action, less apt to noble deeds; rather is he the manlier man to whom the treasure-houses of Life open at his coming, and for whom Mankind and the world of Nature have been made so fair.

LECTURE II.

THE ART OF LIVING.

In my first Lecture I spoke of Art as the means whereby a sense of joy, felt by the Artist, is transferred to a sympathetic recipient. Art, however, in a narrower and more technical sense, is "acquired skill" in the handling of anything; it is the adaptation of means to ends, the way in which a thing is done, not the thing itself which is done. This definition, which is that of the etymologist, is of course incomplete, because it leaves the whole question of Beauty out of account; but it will serve to-day to fix our attention upon one element, essential to the production of every work of Art,—the element of Skill. Upon whatever material an artist works he must work skilfully. One who can discern the traces of such skill in a finished work will derive pleasure from that perception. But it is a pleasure distinct from and subordinate to the joy which the work of Art itself was conceived to embody and transmit. It is not necessary to know anything

about technical processes before you can take delight in the Hermes of Praxiteles, or the Madonna di San Sisto. But if you do understand the nature of the technical problems in sculpture and painting that faced the artists who made these works, you will be able not merely to enjoy their beauty but to apprehend the skill evinced in them. This appreciation of skill in another's work is, of course, keenest in a fellow-artist. The amateur can only hope to attain a glimmering of an understanding in such matters. Technical processes are so numerous, and vary so greatly from age to age, that it is beyond the powers of any human being to obtain comprehension of more than a very few. It is, however, true to say that in a sense all men and women are artists, for they all do things, and must manifest more or less of skill in the doing. There is an art in coming into a room. There is an art in the greeting of an acquaintance. Every action of Life can be endowed with grace; every occupation can be conducted with skill.

The material, if I may be permitted to call it such, which all of us are always engaged in handling, and upon which we exercise what skill we possess, is Life itself. The way in which any human being lives may be called his Art of Living. All of us are better or worse Artists in Life. There is an Art in the distribution of Life as a whole, and there is an Art in every action of Life from birth to death. This, which is true of individuals, is likewise and more obviously true of Societies.

For clearness' sake, let me take as an instance a form of the social Art of Living with which we are all familiar, the Art of the English country home. A retrospective glance will explain my meaning best. We need not go very far back. Consider what was the effect upon our national Life, produced by the introduction of root-crops into agriculture in the eighteenth century. All through the Middle Ages and down to the beginning of the eighteenth century there was in England little winter food for sheep and cattle except the product of grass land. Hence no considerable head of cattle could be maintained, and a large proportion of the land of the country had to be kept in an uncultivated condition to supply winter food. The modern system of agriculture, by which roots are grown as winter food for stock, was invented by the Dutch in the seventeenth century. Their expanding foreign trade brought them in contact with new commodities, and enabled them to introduce and acclimatize new agricultural products. Thus it was that the turnip took root in the Delta of the Rhine. The astonishing wealth of Holland, at that time relatively far surpassing the wealth of any other part of Europe except Venice, was mainly due to the improved system of agriculture which thereupon arose. Commerce, fisheries, and manufacture of course contributed an important share to the national prosperity, but the increased productiveness of the soil was its solid foundation.

The new system was introduced into England early

in the eighteenth century and soon wrought an economic and social revolution here. Then for the first time it became possible to improve the breeds of cattle and sheep, seeing that it was no longer necessary at the beginning of every winter to kill off the larger part of the flocks and herds and half starve the survivors. Cattle therefore greatly increased and fields could be more satisfactorily manured. The amount of grass and waste lands could be correspondingly diminished, and large areas, previously untilled, were enclosed and brought under profitable cultivation. The result of all this was the rapid growth of the profits of agriculture. Farmers and land-owners became rich. There arose a great demand for farms on the part of intelligent men. Capital was attracted to the improved industry. Wages rose; villages throve; market towns in the centre of agricultural districts awoke. Agricultural banks sprang up all over the country. In fact, as Sir Hildebrand says in Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*, "French antics, and book-learning, with the new turnips, and the rats, and the Hanoverians, ha' changed the world that I ha' known in Old England."

The country gentry, thus enriched, spent their money upon building or improving their residences. A country gentleman's place in the sixteenth century had been a very poor affair. The house was sometimes a fine enough building architecturally, but there was little comfort to be found within. It stood gauntly in the middle of grass land, and seldom had anything worth

calling a garden attached to it, except perhaps a few formal *parterres* and a place where herbs and fruits were grown for household use. Trees were of few varieties, and were grown more for timber than ornament. The cedar of Lebanon came over in the wake of the turnip, and was followed by multitudes of foreign trees from all parts of the world.

Thus landscape-gardening on a large scale was introduced into England in the eighteenth century, a direct consequence of the improved system of agriculture. The finest parks that form the glory of our counties are in almost every case products of that time. Previously parks had existed as waste lands or mere grazing ground. It was in the eighteenth century, and chiefly in its latter half, that they received the intentional impress of beauty. From one to two hundred years are needed to bring a piece of fine landscape-gardening to perfection. Our good fortune at the present day is to live when the works of our forefathers in this kind are attaining maturity. The great bygone landscape-gardeners, to whom we owe so much existing beauty, though little remembered, are as deserving of artistic fame as the contemporary painters whose names are known to all. The astonishing thing to a lover of art is that a beautifully landscape-gardened country-place has practically no more commercial value than one tastelessly laid out. People will tumble over one another in the auction rooms, and bid thousands of pounds for a few

square feet of painting by Reynolds or Gainsborough, whilst they consider in the purchase of a country-place, laid out with equal art at the same date, almost every qualification of greater importance than its often rare beauty. If it should chance that the place in question is in the neighbourhood of a growing town, no one will raise a hand to prevent its annihilation by jerry-builders, when they would howl with horror at less injury done to a painting or a sculpture. If perchance public opinion can be aroused to prevent the destruction of a suburban Park, it is not because of the Park's beauty as a piece of landscape-art, but because it is an open space and of sanitary value as a lung or a play-ground. Smaller and most lovely gardens have been ruthlessly destroyed on all hands by expanding cities, as though their beauty were a thing of no value. In reckoning up and comparing the art-heritage of this and other lands, our country parks and gardens deserve a recognition corresponding to that accorded to the paintings of Italy and the Cathedrals of France.

It is generally admitted that English Social Life reaches a unique and most delightful development in our country houses. For this also we have to thank our forefathers of the eighteenth century. They not only built or improved the country houses and laid out their parks and gardens, but they invented the Art of living gracefully in them, and they patronized all the Arts and Sports that conduced to such life. For example, the

walls of English houses were practically bare of pictures before the revival of agriculture. The eighteenth century not merely set flowing towards England that stream of fine paintings and other works of art from Italy and Holland, which has turned this country into an unexampled storehouse of beautiful things, but it produced a domestic school of painting of the first rank. Reynolds and Gainsborough would never have been called into activity but for the demand for pictures and portraits made by the class of men whom agriculture had enriched. A list of the people Reynolds portrayed practically indicates the class which presided over the great economic revolution just described. As in Holland in the seventeenth century, so in England in the eighteenth, the bounty, wherewith the earth responded to the wisely directed labours of man, awakened in him a new love for the Beauty of Nature. English landscape-art arose in response to that quickened feeling. At first, people wanted pictures of their places, just as they demanded portraits of themselves; but presently the new art took a wider range and ultimately attained, at the hands of Turner and Constable, altogether unforeseen developments.

These and the like Fine Arts were subsidiary and conducive to the whole Art of country-life, that round of occupations and enjoyments wherewith each day was filled. The family breakfast, the visit to stables and kennels, the succession of sports in their season, atten-

tion paid to farm and stock, the freedom of social intercourse between people of all classes, the generous hospitality, the unpaid public service, in fact all that goes to make up country-life as we now understand it, practically took form in the eighteenth century. It has since been refined, and to some extent elaborated, as, for instance, through the invention of the lawn-mower, enabling the sports of the lawn and the field to become a larger factor than before, whilst in our own day the bicycle has produced some further modifications.

An interesting example of the reaction of invention or discovery upon one of the arts of life came recently under my observation, and is perhaps worth a brief digression to record. In the process of conducting, in the Public Record Office, researches into the history of Spitsbergen and of the English and Dutch whaling industries on its coasts, I was struck by the numerous documents relating to soap that I kept encountering. On looking more closely into the matter, it presently appeared that the chief use to which whale-oil was put was the manufacture of the better class of soap, such as was used in fine laundry-work, commoner old-fashioned soap being made out of rape-seed[1]. When it is borne

[1] A Petition of the Muscovy Company of London in 1634 states that the whaling fleet "hath yearlie brought home 1100 tunne of oyle, as by the medium of the last eight yeares, of which there never was 50 tunne in anie one yeare sold for other use than soape makinge." It is also affirmed by them that "where one will buy the rape oyle soape, tenn will buy the Greenland [i.e. Spitsbergen] oyle soape." *State Papers, Domestic, Charles I.*, 1634, vol. 279, nos. 71 and 72.

in mind that, before the beginning of the English whale-fishery on the Spitsbergen coasts about 1610, there was practically no whale-oil brought into England, the relative dearth of good soap in Tudor days may be deduced. Improved laundry-work followed the whale-fishery. Hence the relatively small ruffs that we see in Tudor portraits and the small amount of linen displayed. Jacobean portraits show more linen and lace. Portraits of the time of Charles I. yet more. The beautiful costumes of the Cavaliers and their ladies owed their chief embellishment to the discovery of Spitsbergen.

The art or manner in which English people live in their own country is an art unique, important, and quite definite. No other country of Europe possesses the same art, nor is it capable of transplantation to other climates or of adoption by other races without such fundamental modifications as must make it a different art. Moreover it is not a mere art pertaining to individuals, though each individual of course practises his share of it, but it is a Social Art, whereunto all the people of a neighbourhood contribute their quota. It was not the invention of a moment, nor can a new comer from other climes immediately adapt himself to it. Indeed for the practice in perfection of this social art of English country-life, man or woman must have been born and bred to it, and it must be so completely their natural mode of living that they never dream it is an Art, or that they themselves are showing skill in the exercise of it.

Till the close of about the first third of the nineteenth century, this art of country-life was practically the whole Art of Living in England. Within less than a hundred years the situation has been totally changed. Whereas the nineteenth century at its opening found the English a nation of dwellers in the country, whose occupation was agriculture, and whose delights were country-fed, the opening twentieth century finds England a land, populated predominantly by town-dwelling and industrial folk, for the mass of whom the old-fashioned country-life has no meaning, the old-fashioned country ideals no existence, and to whom the fine-art of country living, which their grandfathers practised so skilfully, is a lost art. It survives only as the possession of a class, and by them, for the most part, is only practised for a part of each year. The city enshrines the ideals of the bulk of our modern English population. Rich and poor alike flock to the towns, and the country population dwindles from decade to decade. The descendants of those who in the eighteenth century danced around the may-pole and sang songs to one another in the village inn of an evening, or conversed around the hearth, have substituted the half-penny newspaper for conversation and the cheap music-hall for entertainment. No greater contrast can be imagined, for it goes to the very root of all the Arts of Life.

Before the present industrial epoch began, the wealth of England was not made in towns. Towns existed to

provide the requirements of the country; now the country exists to provide, and by no means succeeds in providing, food for the towns. The townsman of the year 1801 had the country near to him. A part at any rate of the industrial classes living in towns looked to harvestings, hop-pickings, and the like country industries for a contribution towards their means of subsistence. The towns of that date were in the country, not divorced from it, as are the huge assemblages of population now-a-days. Fields and country lanes were within reach of an afternoon's walk from the very centre of the City of London. Kensington was a village. Marylebone Church was out in the fields. Snipe were shot on the site of the British Museum within the memory of persons known to the present generation. I have talked with men who remembered a swamp where now stands Belgrave Square.

It behoves us then to inquire by what means this great change has been brought about, whether a new art of town-living has grown up in consequence of the change, and whether that art is as national, as definite, and as fine as the old English art of country-life, which it has displaced to so large a degree.

The power that has brought about this unparalleled revolution has been the power of Science, the energy of discovery. In the fulness of time and by the force of circumstances, the relatively small class of men of original mind, which is all that the greatest nation can

at any moment boast, were induced to direct their attention to discovering the secrets of Nature and the sequences of her action. In proportion as those secrets were revealed, those sequences observed, the power of man was increased, and the relation of man to his material environment was changed. It would be waste of time to refer, however generally, to the material and visible results of scientific discovery. Everyone knows how greatly the Age of Steam and Electricity differs from the age that preceded it. Manifest novelties have been the development of manufacture and commerce, the exploration of the world, the absorption of the great unoccupied regions of the earth into the domain of civilization, the fabulous increase of wealth, the growth of towns, and the concentration of population in them. Science not only at present compels civilized man to become a town-dweller but enables him to do so. It is owing to Science that our modern towns are not decimated by plagues at frequently recurring intervals. Science alone enables the monster aggregations of population to assemble daily to their work, scatter nightly to their homes, and to be supplied with food, clothing, and other necessaries. Science has created the industries by which they earn their living and provides the commodities essential to their maintenance in life and health.

These enormous material changes have of course been accompanied by social changes correspondingly

great. Society, using the word in a wide sense, is incomparably larger than ever it was before. In the seventeenth century all sorts of professional and commercial men were excluded from it, whose successors are now included or capable of being included in it. The eighteenth century lawyer, for example, belonged to the same class as the yeoman and the tradesman. If you read the *Vicar of Wakefield* you cannot fail to observe the low social level on which the country curate stood. It was more or less so with all the professions. This has been utterly changed. A general levelling up of all ranks and classes has taken place, the result of increased well-being and diffused education. The number of people who now attain at least the minimum level of wealth, intelligence, and culture, which enables them to meet on a footing of approximate social equality, is far larger than it was in the eighteenth century.

Not merely has there been an elevation of the general social level, but the number of minor social strata have been multiplied. There have come to exist, within what are called the industrial classes, differences of social level, perhaps even more strongly marked than those observable in higher social ranks. Such evolutions are no novelty in social history. In the Middle Ages the same thing happened, when the craft-guilds arose beneath the older merchant-guilds. The future, in the English-speaking world at any rate, may show not less but more social stratification; not a diminution but an

increase of social inequality. Whether we regret this or not has nothing to do with the question. Social evolution follows its own laws. Individuals can only look on and watch the action of forces too powerful to be controlled.

Consider now how the Art of Living has been affected by these great changes in the relation of man to nature and of man to man, which the development of Science and the consequent growth of wealth have produced. The old art of country life is of course impossible to townsmen. A new art had to be invented to take its place. Some people try to shirk the problem by living in suburbs, but the growth of towns continually swallows up the suburbs and engulfs their population. For the large masses of mankind the question is how to live a full, healthy, varied human life in a city-home, in the very midst of a teeming population, all alike facing the same problem, which is further complicated by the numberless new possibilities presented by the very resourcefulness of that Science which has posed the problem. This is the Sphinx-question which recent generations have endeavoured to answer. Let us now examine their solution.

The average modern man, above the level of the very poorest, has his home in one place and his work in another. In fact he lives in some sort of a house, cheek by jowl with numbers of others, and he goes daily to some kind of office or factory. Two or three times

a year he rushes as far as possible away for some kind of a holiday. That is the rough fabric of the average modern life. The point for us to inquire is how far it is graced and enriched in detail, how far the normal succession of actions and incidents of every day conduce to refinement and the development of that kind of sensitiveness to beauty whereon the appreciation of all the arts ultimately rests. Take a day in the life of an average member of the commercial classes, a man with an income, say, from £500 to £1000 a year. He probably lives in one of a row of jerry-built houses, each exactly like the next, in a neighbourhood consisting of scores of such rows. The day begins with a hurried family breakfast and a rush to catch train or tram, wherein, herded with a multitude of his fellows, the bulk of whom he does not know even by sight, he spends half-an-hour in gruesome transit through hideous surroundings. He does not converse with his companions, but confines his attention to reading a daily newspaper. Arrived at their destination, the whole train-load of people pour out into the street, mixing with other train-loads, who scatter to their various businesses. The office in which our average man works is an ugly place, and all its fittings are likely to be ugly too. In the middle of the day he takes a hurried lunch at some restaurant, along with a herd of men like himself, all reading newspapers. When his day's work is done he returns home as he came, and spends his

evening hours of leisure in such social amusements or individual occupation as his level of intelligence, taste, and opportunity makes possible.

The surroundings and employments of the best part of an ordinary man's day are thus by no means suited to elevate his taste or refine his manners. Granted that he tends by nature to prefer intellectual and artistic joys, he no doubt has opportunities for such gratification. His evenings are his own, and all the musical and theatrical resources of the city are at his disposal. His Saturday afternoons and Sundays enable him to come in contact with the country if he so please. He can play golf, he can cycle, and there is a whole round of sports, certainly akin to art, within his reach. But the patent fact is that the entire tendency of his everyday occupation is towards what the plain man calls "the practical," and directly opposed to the artistic. Practical life now-a-days fails to create the atmosphere in which the Graces flourish. It is only the few, whom the very brutality of their everyday avocations forces into a kind of revolt against that brutality, who labour to create for themselves in their homes and during their hours of leisure a kind of hot-house atmosphere of Art, foreign to the fabric of their daily life. In fact an Art of Living in the modern town has not yet been called into existence for the bulk of its inhabitants.

What the ordinary man is, at home, during the eleven working months of the year, that also he is in his

month's holiday. Being without resources of amusement in himself, and quite divorced from Nature, a good holiday means for him a continued round of amusements supplied by other people. He has lost the faculty for conversation and self or mutual entertainment. His only idea of being amused is to pay someone to amuse him and his fellows *en bloc*. Thus in his holidays he herds together with others like himself, and perhaps goes to a sea-side place, where he is sure to find nigger-minstrels on the sands and a general sort of variety show going on from morning to night. If he chooses to become a tourist, he is led around at a maximum of speed to see the many so-called sights, which he has read of in the cheap press or which his friends have related that they have seen. He is not given time enough to enter into the spirit or absorb the beauty of any of the grand scenes of Nature or works of Art that may confront his eyes. It is a thousand chances to one that he returns home as narrow-minded, as self-satisfied and as "practical" as he started out. Of course there are many exceptions, but any one who has ever been at Margate, or met a personally-conducted party abroad, knows that the type of man I have thus briefly indicated is the type catered for in the ordinary holiday-resort.

No Art of Living exists among these people; they have no desire for grace of life. If we turn from them to the large class of men of wealth we shall not find any

fundamental difference in their ideal of living. Matthew Arnold described the upper class as materialized, and the description is true. The more money the average man gets the more he spends, not on beauty but on self-indulgence. The trouble is that our system of education, and the influences generally brought to bear upon youth by the older generation, tend to enforce the importance and develop the power of making money. Everyone thinks that he knows how to spend it; whereas in fact it is far more difficult and requires far more education, as well as natural endowment, to spend money than it does to make it. Any fool who comes in for millions can set up a house in Park Lane, fill it with pictures and furniture, hire cooks and buy wine, get a moor in Scotland, a yacht, horses, carriages, motor-cars, and what you will. But no amount of mere wealth entails a fine result. His house will only be more flamingly vulgar than the suburban villa from which he sprang, and the whole course of his life will be a continuous incarnation of vulgarity. Every pound he spends will add to the demand for what is bad in Art, and, so far from tending to raise the level of the Art of Living, he will be a ceaselessly acting force tending to depress it.

Yet if the average modern man is insensible to most of the arts, he will scarcely deny that they are capable of giving delight. A man may find no pleasure in music, but he cannot assert that music is incapable of giving

pleasure. The evidence to the contrary is too strong. The same is true of painting, of poetry, of sculpture; in fact, of all the arts. The man who cannot enjoy all these things is inferior to one who can, and gets less pleasure out of life. Again, it is obvious that all the examples of any art are not alike good. There are degrees of excellence in painting or music. Some men can enjoy works of a medium quality, but not works of a higher quality. Such persons are inferior to those capable of appreciating to the uttermost the excellence and charm of the absolutely best. Their inferiority may be the result of misfortune or of choice. It may be an inferiority of constitution or of development, of birth or of breeding. The man who is thus inferior loses. He cannot enjoy what more developed minds can enjoy. His existence is to that extent incomplete and poverty-stricken.

But life is not all pictures and poems. Men have bodies as well as souls. A healthy body is one of the firmest foundations of happiness. The Art of Living certainly includes health as one of its objects. A well-born man can be healthy if he lives in accordance with Nature. That is rudimentary. The ideal man would not be satisfied merely with health. The body is a tool which every man has to work. Part of the satisfaction that a craftsman derives from his work is in the acquisition and manifestation of skill in the use of his tools. The attainment of mastery over the body is the

special pleasure offered to youth. To ride, to run, to jump, to shoot straight, to fence, to swim, to dance, to play games of skill—no man can be regarded as completely developed who has made no progress in such matters. A youth who neglects them can never grow to be an entirely rounded and perfected man.

The pleasures of literature, again, the more recondite joys of philosophy, the delights that all new knowledge brings: these have to be attained by conscious endeavour, and do not come as the birthright of any man. The Art of Living includes their attainment. Then there is all the joy that a contemplation of the beauties of Nature can bestow; how long it takes before they can be appreciated to the full! Few people are so dull as not to perceive the beauty of a flaming sunset, or of the snowy Alps, or the Italian Lakes; yet Nature is just as beautiful in quieter moods. There is as much delight to be derived from contemplation of sunshine on a meadow as from Mont Blanc itself; but it requires a more attentive eye and a more receptive mind.

Finally there are the delights of human intercourse, of the contact of man with man, culminating in that most widely enjoyable of human pleasures—conversation: the shock of minds, the interchange of ideas, with all its variety of argument, persuasion, instruction, comprehension—delights that cost nothing and are within reach of every intelligent and cultivated person, who recognizes, as wise men recognize, that every opinion is only an

approximation to truth and cannot but be tinged with error, and that, by contact with another, some of that error may be refined away.

In the fact that the ordinary modern man cultivates so few of these possible pleasures of life there is, however, little to discourage our hopes for the future. Men and women of right feeling are to be found in all classes. They are the yeast by whom in time the whole lump may be leavened. The element of time has been lacking. Thus far we have only lived at the beginning of the new epoch. It is all that we have been able to do to run up houses enough to cover us and lay out the necessary means of communication. Every decade has brought some revolutionary invention. Before we have had time to settle down to new conditions those very conditions themselves have changed. Few sons in our days expect to go on living in the houses of their fathers; in fact few families inhabit the same house for many years together. The progressive nations are nations of wanderers; their civic-sense for the town in which they happen to be dwelling is feeble. Even their patriotism is no longer local, but is giving way to that form of race-patriotism which we are learning to know under the name Imperialism. It was pride in the town, where most of the inhabitants had been born and expected to live and die, that made the beautiful medieval cities. When the great change in the distribution of population which is now going on

has been completed and the world has settled down for a century or so to a more stable state, the town of the future will become a different and a more beautiful thing, and the Art of Living in it will take form.

Already the materials exist for an art of town-life, as beautiful as, and far more complex than, any previous Art of Living the world has ever known. Consider for a moment the incomparable social, intellectual, and artistic resources of a great modern city such as London or Paris. To its abounding wealth almost no scheme of municipal landscape-gardening is impossible. Whatever splendour of public architecture its inhabitants desire they can have, so far as money can buy it. The learning and traditions of the past in all the world are at the disposal of their architects. They can fetch their building material from any part of the earth. Improved methods of communication enable the town to spread more widely and thus to be less densely packed. There ought to be a continual increase in intramural gardens and beautifully decorated open spaces. Picture-Galleries, Museums, Libraries, domestic monuments of great men (such as the Carlyle and Leighton Houses) may be expected to multiply. Theatres, Concert-Halls, Lecturing-Institutions, Polytechnics, and all manner of places for study and enjoyment already exist in considerable number, and spring up in suburban centres. The larger towns grow, the more numerous

may all these institutions be, and the longer they exist the more efficiently are they likely to be endowed.

Statisticians tell us that in 40 years' time London may be a city with eleven million inhabitants. Some people say "How appalling!" My own feeling is "How splendid!" What an agreeable life one might live in such a city if a fair proportion of its population were even moderately civilized. There would be a public for every art. Every sort of theatre might flourish. Every kind of concert might be daily given. There would be practically no limit to the variety of opportunities that each individual might enjoy in the midst of this vast assemblage. But it would take long for them to settle down. To begin with, London would have to be rebuilt. Its streets are not wide enough for the traffic of any such multitude. All the main avenues would have to be duplicated. For every line of rails coming into London there would have to be three lines. The tonnage entering our ports would be trebled. None of our present arrangements would suffice. Everything would have to be organized afresh. Only when growth has attained its maximum, and a town has reached its final form and been adapted in all essential matters to be the home of the multitude that must live within it, can the Art of Living in that town be fully cultivated.

The Sun of Science which rose a century ago has not yet reached its meridian. The immediate future may have great developments in store. Perhaps water-

power, air-power, and electricity may supplant coal and steam. Perhaps aerial locomotion may revolutionize communication and, by substituting the Command of the Air for the Command of the Sea, may upset the present balance of power among the kingdoms and commonwealths of the earth. Whatever surprises the future may have in store, this one thing is certain. The Age of Science will have its culmination and will decline, just as all previous Epochs of Civilization have culminated and declined. When the culmination takes place, the series of great changes in human environment will pause. Thereupon must follow a consequent development of Art such as the world has never beheld—a development not merely of some one art, such as painting or sculpture, but of all the arts that together, in their variety and their fulness, form the supreme and transcendent Art of Living.

So to live as to get the most out of life, is not that the problem which each one of us has to solve? It involves a practical understanding of the art of individual life, but it involves a great deal more. It is only by living nobly, living on a high plane, in the pursuit of high ideals, that the best can be attained. The Art of Living soars into no such lofty regions as this. A man may live to very noble ends, yet in a graceless and joyless manner; satisfying indeed the highest part of his nature, but giving no play to powers of action and capacities for enjoyment, wherewith he was endowed

by the same agency that sent him into the world to live, if he could, the life of a hero and die the death of a saint.

Let me not, however, be mistaken, when suggesting a general escape from graceless and joyless life, to be confounding things aesthetic with things moral. Art is the minister of beauty. Throughout our human life her function is high and authentic. Of ethical ideals I am not charged to speak. "Wrong" and "ugly" are not identical. As that great churchman and wit Sidney Smith said, Do not adjudge and impute wrong-doing, where there is merely insensibility to beauty. On the other hand, were a man to murder the minister and churchwardens of his parish, what nonsense to accuse him of a want of taste!

That man is the true artist in life, who so lives as to give reasonable play to all his powers and to extract from the world of nature and man the largest number of elevating and delightful reactions. "To affect the quality of the day," says Thoreau, "that is the highest of arts." It is possible for any man, if he pleases, so to live his own life, even in the midst of a Philistine and perverse generation. In so far as he does so live, will his own life be rich and his contribution efficient to that more beautiful, more distinguished, and happier future which the world awaits.

LECTURE III.

ART-CRITICISM.

ART-CRITICISM, according to the dictionaries, is the art of judging and defining the qualities or merits of a work of art. "By criticism," says Dryden, "as it was first instituted by Aristotle, was meant a standard of judging well; the chiefest part of which is, to observe those excellencies which should delight a reasonable reader." "I must take leave to tell them," he adds, "that they wholly mistake the nature of criticism who think its business is principally to find fault." As there are two aspects from which every Work of Art must be viewed—the points of view of the artist and of the percipient—so likewise are there two kinds of criticism. It shall be our business to-day to examine the conditions and limitations appropriate to these two kinds of criticism, and to inquire how far one, who is not himself an artist, may be, must be, or should be an art-critic.

Nothing is more obvious to anyone, who has enjoyed continuous friendly relations with artists, than the

peculiarity of their attitude towards published criticisms of their work. Almost every artist declares that the whole mass of published art-criticism is worthless; yet probably nine artists out of ten subscribe to press-cutting agencies—a proof that even the commonplace utterances of the cheap periodical press are not without importance to makers of works of art, and that, little as they may esteem their contents, they are far from desiring their utter suppression.

Starting from our first principle that a Work of Art is an object skilfully made, or an action skilfully performed, by one person or group of persons to give pleasure to another person or group of persons, by transferring the emotion of beauty from creator to recipient, we see at once that the matters which so-called critics have to consider are numerous and complicated. There is first the question whether the artist's conception of beauty was clear and single. Then there is the question as to the skill with which he has expressed his idea. Thirdly, there is the public's power of perception to be considered, and whether a given work of art appeals to its fine or its base elements. A full and ripe criticism deals as much with the public as with the artist. Its character must therefore be determined by the audience for which it is written—whether a restricted audience of artists, a small body of cultivated amateurs, or the wide public.

Let us first briefly consider art-criticism which is

intended to influence the artist; afterwards, at greater length, art-criticism written for the public, that is to say for ourselves. How broad is the difference between them will be immediately apparent.

Examination of the works of art, which have come down to us from all ages of the past, manifests that the beauty which affects the imagination of artists at any particular time is more or less of one kind or quality, which we call the Artistic Ideal of that day. It may be difficult to define its character in words; but every student of Art-history is brought immediately in contact with the fact, and obtains a more or less clear conception of what is meant, for instance, by the ancient Egyptian Ideal, the Hellenic Ideal, or the Ideal of the School of Giotto. It is only by slow degrees that an Ideal develops, culminates, and declines, and another arises in its place. All that the artists of any day achieve is to give form in their own individual fashion to the Ideal of Beauty of their own day. The great artists give it new direction or compass, aiding its development or transformation. The smaller men follow in their wake, some as mere imitators, others truthfully, though less powerfully expressive. No artist however great—not Pheidias, nor Michel-Angelo, nor Rembrandt, nor Velasquez—has conceived and expressed an ideal of beauty entirely new. The greatest men, like the smallest, stand on the shoulders of their predecessors, belong to their own day, draw their inspiration from it, and express its

ideals. However powerfully they may react upon the men of their day, they belong to it themselves, think its thoughts more deeply, express them more nobly, and enjoy them more profoundly than their less gifted contemporaries.

It follows that between artists and those amongst whom they live, there is a bond of union, slight perhaps with the ignorant mass of the public, but very close with the really cultured classes. Were it not so, artists could not live, for a measure of sympathy is the essential atmosphere of their artistic life. Every man derives something from others. If a new idea arises within him, it is born of the union of older ideas, probably assimilated in the formative period of his life. A man may become a recluse when that period is over, but no one ever accomplished much who was solitary from childhood on. It follows that there is plenty of room alike for influence and criticism in the domain of the artistic ideal. An instance may enable you to grasp my meaning more easily.

Without attempting to define the complex artistic ideal of the present day, it may be safely asserted that one of its factors is the Beauty in Nature. Nature's beauty has been the animating principle of the whole school of modern Landscape Art. We may distinguish two main divisions in that school, descended from two separate traditions. There is the Classical School, inheriting the tradition of Claude, whereof Turner was

perhaps the greatest exponent (little though he realized the fact himself); and there is the Romantic School, descending from Rubens through Gainsborough, Constable, and the French Romanticists.

Confining our attention for a moment to this Romantic School of Landscape, we observe that it has certain general qualities which have remained practically constant throughout its history, but that in other respects it has gone through manifold phases. For instance, there came a time when Atmosphere was made the painter's subject. I do not mean to say that previously Atmosphere was entirely absent from landscapes, but it was not their main subject; it was practically confined to effects of distance and sky. But, one day, an artist fixed his attention on the Atmosphere itself; saw that as his main subject and all else as subordinate. It was not houses and trees that he set himself to paint, but the atmosphere as limited by them and submerging them and him. Doubtless he spoke of his new idea to his friends, and bade them look for themselves and see what he saw. He endeavoured to paint the new subject, and did not immediately succeed. Others also tried with varying degrees of success. Eyes, gradually educated, began to recognize effects of atmosphere at closer and closer ranges. It was found within the four walls of a room. It even crept into portraits, and modified the whole attitude of painters to Nature. I cite this as an instance of an

element of subject that could be discussed and criticized alike by artists and by amateurs. One could say to another, "Your picture shows that in painting that tree you have not noticed the atmosphere between your eye and it; look again and you will see that the outlines are not sharp as you have made them, but soft, something like sea-weed floating in water."

The education of the eye to notice an effect of this kind, to look for it and find it everywhere, is not a matter peculiar to artists, but is possible for all lovers of Nature. Artists of course, by the character of their avocation, are likely to become conscious of such a group of effects, towards which attention has been directed, more rapidly than amateurs. By making these effects the subject of their pictures, they educate the perceptions of others, and help them to find in Nature qualities previously unobserved. The qualities themselves, being in what we call the external world, can be studied there by anybody, whose attention has been once directed to them; so that a man need not be an artist to become so familiarized with them as to be able to pronounce on their verisimilitude if they are depicted in any particular painting.

The complexity of Nature is infinite, so that any view may be painted in countless different ways. If you could set down Rubens, Rembrandt, Hobbema, Claude, Turner, Constable, and Corot in a row, on the brow of Richmond Hill on one and the same day,

to paint the view simultaneously, they would produce altogether different pictures of it. Though looking in exactly the same direction and at the same objects, each would select from Nature's infinity a different subject. One would see the light, another the colour, another the texture; one would fix his eyes on the distance and make the foreground subordinate, another on the foreground, making the distance subordinate. If however, instead of bringing together artists of so many schools, you were to choose a group of painters all of one school and date, and ask them to paint the same view, you would find them all looking at it in much the same way. There would be individual variety of course, but the thing looked for, selected out of the view for pictorial representation, would be of one kind. They would all have learnt to take chief delight in one sort of effect, to look mainly for one principal quality. Thus, at any day when there exists a well-marked School of Art, with clearly defined aims, that looks at Nature for one special set of qualities and effects, criticism of artistic subjects becomes possible, not merely among artists themselves, but throughout the whole group of persons who are in sympathy with them and understand their aims.

Once again, however, let me emphasize the reservation that by the Subject of a picture or work of art is not meant the mere natural objects portrayed, but the beauty perceived by the artist in the particular case. That beauty

for a painter must be a paintable beauty, for a poet it must be a beauty describable in words, for an actor it must be a beauty representable in action, and for each of them it must be capable of reproduction within the specific limits prescribed by the character of his work. Criticism of Subject therefore must take account of these limitations. It has never to deal with photographic accuracy of reproduction, but merely with the question whether or not the artist has had clear perception of an aspect of beauty in the thing portrayed, and whether he has succeeded in giving, by means of his artistic work, visible embodiment to that conception. No man can make another see beauty where he does not see it; but anyone can suggest to another that such an effect is beautiful, and can lead him to look for it and find it for himself.

The beauty of atmosphere at close range was doubtless first observed by dwellers in modern towns, with their canopy of smoke. It is only of late years that the surprising beauty of London's atmosphere, on a dark November afternoon for instance, has been realized. The suggestion that it is beautiful may even now come as a shock to some. We cannot prove its beauty to them; all we can say is "Go, and look." We can talk about its delicate gradations of tone, its mystery, its colour. We can liken it to Alpine mists and Arctic fogs. But all that any amount of talk can do is to impress the hearer with the intention himself to look, and possibly

induce in him a favourable predisposition which will help him, when the chance comes, more easily to experience a pleasurable emotion similar to that already experienced by us. A painter can go further, for he can bring away in a permanent form the beauty, which the mere percipient, though equally conscious of it, can but dimly describe. The percipient, however, if sensitive to the same aspect of beauty that the painter has endeavoured to depict, will be swift to recognize it in a painting, and eager to make others see it too.

Herein then lies the function of criticism as applied to the subject of a work of art. It is powerful in praise, futile in blame. No one is sensitive to every kind of beauty. No one, therefore, can say of any work, however distasteful in character to him, that the artist's subject was not fine. It is conceivable, for instance, that Burne-Jones was blind to the beauty forming the subject of a painting by Whistler, and *vice versâ*, for both great artists belong to widely sundered branches of the modern school. But neither of them would have been justified in saying that the other's subject was not beautiful. If, however, behind or through any Work of Art, any man, whether artist or amateur, feels himself brought in contact with an Ideal of Beauty, let him boldly proclaim the fact, and by his sympathy and enthusiasm help others to see it too, for that is the whole function of criticism as applied to the Artistic Ideal.

Herein lay at once the weakness and the strength of

Ruskin. His weakness, in that, where an artist's ideal was of a kind with which he was not sympathetic, he boldly pronounced his work bad, and poured anathemas upon it with all the copiousness of his matchless eloquence. He is no exception to the rule that, where a man blames any kind of art, his blame is primarily to be taken as a measure of the necessary limitations of his own power of appreciation. On the other hand, Ruskin's strength lay in the keenness of his appreciation of those artistic ideals with which he was in sympathy: the boldness of his proclamation of their glory, utterly regardless of popular prejudice: and the consequent power which he exercised to awaken multitudes to new senses of beauty. If in the latter part of the last century, the English-speaking races have been to any degree rendered more artistic, or if the class of art-loving persons in them has been enlarged, much of the awakening is due to Ruskin; though the direction which Art has taken, and the ideals which artists have pursued, have been different from those preferred by Ruskin himself.

The power to see beauty in Nature is by no means an artist's monopoly. It comes to some men as the gift of God, and is more or less capable of development in all. The difference between artists and other men is a difference of Skill. An artist is a man who not only possesses the power of seeing beauty, but who has acquired the skill to express it in some material form.

Now, as I have already stated, every material can be made a vehicle of art, by one or several processes. Each process demands a particular skill. Thus the arts of sound are exercised by means of numerous musical instruments, and each instrument requires a special skill in the player. It is the same with the pictorial arts. The processes by which paint is applied to different surfaces are numerous and complex, and there is a definite relation between each process and the kind of subject it can depict. Thus Rembrandt could not have produced his pictures in fresco, nor could Fra Angelico have painted his by the modern processes of oil colours. Only those can understand the limitations or fully appreciate the compass of an artist's skill, who are capable themselves of executing works in the same kind. Thus artists alone can be true critics in this great area of artistic activity. Dürer somewhere says, in his advice to young artists, that they should only pay attention to the criticism of one "who can show his meaning with his hand"; and he wrote on a drawing in his collection that it had been sent to him by Raphael, "to show him his hand."

Of course all men take delight in seeing examples of human skill, in so far as that skill is appreciable by them. Every man has some control over his muscles and limbs, and therefore all are capable of perceiving the skill of a tight-rope walker or an acrobat. Hence the immense popularity of acrobatic performances. But the higher the order of skill manifested by an artist, the

smaller is the public capable of appreciating it. It is easier to realize the skill of a line-engraver than of a painter. In some kinds of painting the artist's dexterity is more obviously displayed than in others. The popular recognition of an artist's skill, or failure to recognize it, is a matter of minor importance. The main thing the public has to do with works of art is to delight in their beauty; how that beauty is enshrined or conveyed is a matter about which they can have small concern. The skill of a painter, like the skill of a financier, or an engine-driver, is a matter of utmost importance to himself and of interest to his colleagues and competitors; but it is the latter alone who can estimate it, and their estimation is best manifested by emulation.

The foundation of art-teaching is the transference of skill from the more to the less experienced; but no artist, however great, attains such mastery of technical processes that he has nothing to learn from his contemporaries. As long as he lives he will welcome their expert criticism and profit by it. The so-called art-critics of the press have nothing to do with this branch of criticism applied to artists. Their only right to speak of skill is to point out to the public such evidences of it as in their judgment the public may be able to perceive, if its attention is directed to them. When an artist talks of art-criticism, he generally means criticism of executive skill. As he finds this only, in any valuable form, among his colleagues, he boldly proclaims published

art-criticisms to be rubbish. What the public understands by art-criticism is, as we shall presently see, something quite different. For the public seldom thinks much about skill. In the case indeed of some kinds of art—paintings for instance in the manner of Franz Hals—though the skill manifested is no whit greater than in a portrait by Rembrandt, it is of a more obvious kind. The ordinary art-lover will not fail to delight in a fine Rembrandt portrait, though it is ten chances to one that he will not be able to state the causes of his delight in words—and there is no reason why he should—but the same man will know quite certainly that he enjoys a portrait by Hals, because of the visible evidence it gives of the artist's cleverness of hand. Hence the exaggerated money price to which dealers have been able to force up the works of Franz Hals in recent years.

The lover and student of art should therefore stand on his guard against being taken in by obvious exhibitions of relatively superficial skill. Though, in the presence of an artist, it may best behove him to keep silence about matters of technique, in so far as his own opinion of them is concerned, it should be one of his chief aims to obtain as wide a comprehension as possible of the different processes of art, so that he may recognize all the evidences of skill that he can attain to understand. Such recognition is a great source of pleasure. No one will desire to be satisfied with the

less, and insensible to the greater, in this more than in any other area of human activity. Hence the wisdom of the advice frequently given to the young that they should learn to draw, to model, to play some musical instrument, not that they may become artists, but that in after-life they may have a solid foundation for enjoyment of the element of skill in artistic creations. It does not fall to the lot of everyone to number artists amongst their intimate acquaintances, and to share even for a time the life of the studio; but those who are able to do so will obtain an insight into the nature of art-production in all ages of civilization. They will find that artists amongst themselves talk much more of the "How" than of the "What," of the Hand than of the Ideal; for the Ideal arises, no one knows how, in society as a whole, but the crafts that enshrine it are developed among artists only, and upon them society has little influence. Invention is continually placing new resources at the disposal of the artist, and new crafts or developments of crafts result. The process of electrotype may be cited as an instance. It is only, however, under the hands of an artist that the process can receive such direction as will place it in the rank of artistic crafts. The methods of photography in natural colours, now being developed, will some day be enlisted in the service of Art; but the artist has not yet appeared who is to take them in hand, and show what use can be made of them for purposes of Art. Indeed it is only quite recently

that the artistic possibilities of ordinary photography have found exponents.

If, as has been stated, every Work of Art is made, not merely to express, but to convey to others the artist's ideal of beauty, manifestly the capacity of individuals, and still more of the public as a whole, to perceive beauty in Works of Art is a very important factor—perhaps the most important factor—in art-production at any given time. It is fabled that when Cimabue had painted his great Madonna, it was conveyed in a spontaneous procession through the streets of Florence by a delighted crowd. Everyone can perceive how powerful a stimulus such public appreciation of an artist's work must be to the artist. The aim of art being to give pleasure to others, obviously the expression of pleasure received is the public's only possible contribution to an artist's productivity. This is universally admitted in the case of musicians and actors, with whom immediate applause is the life of their art; but it is equally true for all kinds of artists. Unless they are made to feel that their work gives pleasure, at all events to some small group of sympathetic persons, the sources of what is called their inspiration will dry up. How many a young artist, who began his career full of enthusiasm, capable of striking out a new line, and eager so to do, has been driven back into mere conventionality and had all his originality atrophied by lack of appreciation at a critical moment!

Here then appears the best function of art-criticism, and especially of newspaper criticism. If, as we have shown, it is futile in relation to artistic subject and the artist's skill, it possesses a valuable function in relation to the public. Whatever the judgment of posterity may be as to the merit of Mr Ruskin's art-criticism as a whole, one fact is incontrovertible. He roused the public to an appreciation, even an over-appreciation, of Turner's genius. Probably not a word he wrote had the least effect upon Turner himself, or modified in the smallest degree either his ideal of beauty or his skill of hand. What was modified was the attitude of the public to Turner's work. The business of the critic is in this respect not dissimilar to the business of the artist himself. The artist seeks for beauty wherever he can find it in the external world, and endeavours to enshrine that beauty in his own work. It is the critic's function to seek amongst all works of art of his day for those whose beauty he can himself perceive: to direct attention to them, and share his delight in them with as many converts as he can make. No critic, however catholic, can be sensitive to the beauty of all good works of art, but it must be his endeavour to widen his sympathies and increase his insight continually. In what case is he called upon to distribute blame? His safe alternatives are praise and silence.

An artist writing for artists is not so restricted. He may discuss questions of technique and will be within his

rôle in pointing out technical failures, instances of clumsy handling, and the like. All this however is no concern of the public. The critic who writes for the public can best serve the artist in so far as he writes as himself representing the public. Public feeling, public intelligence, are different from the feeling and intelligence of any individual. It is the business of the journalist to know his public, what they can appreciate, and to what at their stage of evolution they are necessarily blind. A journalist who has a just comprehension of these things, and who writes with a clear understanding of his public's limitations, serves as an intermediary between that public and the artist; not only explaining him to them, but *vice versâ*, likewise interpreting them to him. The journalist-critic can be helpful to the artist in this way. He altogether misconceives his function when he sets himself on a higher dogmatic plane, and proceeds to lecture the craftsman about his craft. The only craft a journalist, as such, has a right to discuss is the craft of journalism. He is not there to educate artists, but to form a public for them, and to direct attention to whatever good art he is himself capable of enjoying.

Journalistic art-critics would probably be the first to admit their own shortcomings, but in so doing they might point out the difficulties that beset their labours. Artists themselves are to no inconsiderable degree responsible for the quality of the ordinary run of newspaper art-

criticism. Take the Royal Academy as an instance. Its annual exhibition of new works of art contains some thousands of objects. No attempt is made by means of grouping to separate the different contemporary schools, but all are marshalled helter-skelter together. One day only is allotted to the critics for study of this heterogeneous mass. The next morning their comments have to be given to the world. It is idle to pretend that artists are indifferent to published accounts of exhibitions. On the contrary they would readily admit that, if all the newspapers of England were to pass art-exhibitions in silence, a considerable number of artists would forthwith be driven into the bankruptcy court. Publicity is essential to art-production. Formerly publicity took the shape of patronage by representative men and public bodies; most works of art were placed in positions accessible to a considerable number of persons at all events, and frequently to the public as a whole. In our days the ultimate home of most works of art is the private house. It is only during the transitional stage of exhibition that they are submitted to publicity, and for weal or woe at the present time journalistic comment is an essential accompaniment of all publicity.

The existing system thus denies to the ordinary newspaper critic any leisure for making up his mind. Of course the weaker the critic, the more futile will his hasty judgment be. The result is that the mass of newspaper critics, turned loose in an exhibition on the

Press-view day, rush straight for the works of men of made reputation and officially recognized position. No time is left to search out works by younger men that may show promise, nor to consider the possible merits of new departures and unorthodox developments. Two mischiefs are the direct result of this condition of affairs. Firstly, academic honours become desirable mainly as advertisements. Secondly, originality is repressed, and traditional methods and subjects tend to become stereotyped. Such assuredly is the influence of newspapers upon Art so long as art-journalism has to be produced under existing conditions.

Let us admit that the chief public exhibitions both metropolitan and provincial may be, and indeed must be, primarily art-markets. The existing arrangement of an annual exhibition in each place for a quarter of the year is probably unwise. From the point of view of public instruction it is certainly foolish. If there were a continuous exhibition at the Royal Academy, for instance, and the exhibits were changed quarterly, many fewer might be shown at one time, and the extraordinarily inartistic jumble, now annually shown to perspiring crowds, would be avoided. The works of younger men would have a better chance, and might be hung where they could be seen. The interest of the public in art-production would be more sustained. If this change were accompanied by a better provision for art-journalists to do their work properly, the attitude of

the public towards Art would, I think, be favourably affected.

Nothing is more discouraging to anyone, deeply interested in the prospects of Art in this country, than the ordinary comment one overhears in London on the Academy Exhibition every season. Nine times out of ten it is of this sort. "What do you think of the Academy this year?" "Oh! it's rather worse than usual." This cheap kind of criticism is intended to convey the impression that the speaker is a person of superior taste. What however it actually does imply, when its frequency is considered, is that ninety-nine visitors out of a hundred cannot see the pictures at all, owing to the crowd, the excessive number of objects exhibited in proportion to the space, and the way in which they have to be mosaic'd together. It is almost impossible for any lover of art, how sympathetic soever he may be, to retain for five minutes within the walls of the Academy on a summer's day, that receptive attitude of mind which is essential to the just appreciation of a work of art. The London public is thus annually educated, or rather misdirected in the worst manner, by the conditions officially prepared alike for it and for the persons who write for it in the public press.

I have spoken thus at length about journalism and public exhibitions, because the whole position of Art in this country is thereby affected, and the opinion of individuals influenced. To you as individuals, I have

now to say that you must beware of falling under the influence of the kind of artistic pessimism which our bad modern public arrangements have rendered epidemic. The bacillus of sneering is far too rife, and is fatal to healthy appreciation of Art. Take this as fundamental, that the touchstone of good taste is power to appreciate, not ability to sneer. In every modern exhibition there is plenty to admire. The only object of entering is to find the admirable and rejoice in it. It does not follow that the things you don't like are bad. Bad they may be, but let it suffice to you that you are blind to their merits. Pass on to something that you can appreciate; never be content to echo the general denunciations of the parrot-crowd.

One of the commonest of these stupid misstatements is that all our public monuments are bad. It is not true; obviously it cannot be. In London itself there are good public statues. There is one, not indeed modern, of transcendent merit. It stands beside a principal thoroughfare, where all men must have seen it; but none look at it because they start with the expectation that, being an English statue, it, like the rest, must be bad. If it were in Florence, the parrot-public would carry its fame about Europe. No one has a right to an opinion about the London monuments or the monuments of any other city, who has not looked at them, and at least endeavoured to discriminate amongst them. He that contents himself with a sweeping assertion that all

are bad, thereby pronounces himself an ignoramus, and by implication a fool. It is the same with our public buildings. Some are fine. There is merit of some kind in many. Few are altogether bad. That man produces a healthful effect who learns to discriminate, and especially who finds something to praise, for praise is the life of Art. Nothing is more infectious. We have no right to demand of our artists perfection, but only progress. They live, as we have seen, in a day of rapid transition and great complexity, when the technical processes they have to employ in many arts, especially architecture, are being rapidly changed. Never were their problems more difficult; never did they enjoy less public sympathy. The surprising thing is that modern art is so good, not that it is no better.

It is a mistake to suppose that at any time in the world's history great works of art have formed more than a small proportion of the artistic output. Sometimes indeed the tools and objects of domestic utility of a country have all been beautiful, and a high general level of decorative excellence has obtained. It was so in Pompeii as shown by modern excavation. This can only be the case when a long, slowly elaborated tradition has stereotyped the forms of ordinary objects of utility. But when you have to deal with a country, where individual handwork has recently been supplanted by wholesale manufacture, and where new kinds of domestic implements of superior practical utility or cheapness, or

made of a new sort of material, supplant the old at frequently recurring intervals, you cannot have the fixed and slowly evolved beautiful types which a long-settled civilization ultimately produces. I suppose that, if once the really best type of coal-burning kitchen-range had been arrived at, it would in course of time become as picturesque in its way as was the old-fashioned hearth. But who knows how long we shall burn coal? Before the kitchen-range can attain a final and beautiful form, it is likely to be supplanted by some other kind of apparatus.

Beautiful types of objects of utility will not be arrived at in our day. They are not possible in an age of mechanical transition. On the other hand, great schools of painting, sculpture, architecture, and the like, have flourished in transitional periods; such as were the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries in Europe. History shows how rapidly a great school of art may arise and culminate when the conditions are favourable for it. How rapid was the growth of sculpture in Greece! How swift the development from Romanesque architecture to that of the Ile de France in the thirteenth century! After how short a time did Raphael, Leonardo, and Michel-Angelo succeed the decadence of the school of Giotto! Even, however, at periods of artistic culmination great works are few. If we could transport back to the year 1520 our modern system of annual exhibitions, and could bring together into one Italian gallery a couple

of thousand pictures all painted in that year; if we hung them close together, and skied a quarter of them out of sight; if we then went to visit the show in company with a packed crowd of hot humanity, mostly intent on showing their superiority by finding fault; I am inclined to think that we should receive a very different impression of the character of Italian painting in that year from the opinion of it universally held by cultured people at the present day.

It once happened to me in a town of North Italy to find my way into a large house, filled from cellar to attic with genuine Italian pictures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They must have numbered several hundreds. I examined them carefully and failed to discover more than two or three that I should have cared to carry away, even if I might have had them for the asking. Of such pictures the product may have been as great in proportion to fine work as it is to-day. If in a country like Great Britain, a couple of hundred good pictures, and amongst them a dozen masterpieces, or even less, are produced in a year, we can face posterity with confidence. Work of proved indifference, not hastily but maturely judged, runs a very happy risk of swift destruction. Though immediate and hasty criticism of contemporary art is a thing to be utterly distrusted where it blames, and only provisionally accepted where it praises, the criticism of time may be regarded as ultimately almost infallible. The works of

every school of art necessarily pass through periods of neglect, as when one Ideal replaces another. During such periods they are liable, good and bad alike, to almost indiscriminate destruction. At other times forces steadily act, whose tendency is to preserve the best. Thus by process of selection the reputation of almost any school of bygone art must rise, as the average merit of its surviving works is improved by the destruction of the bad.

When a School of Art has drifted very far away into the past, and its works have passed through all possible vicissitudes and misfortunes, as in the case of the sculpture and architecture of ancient Greece, every fragment that survives possesses value, altogether apart from its relative merit as a Work of Art. The ignorant depreciation which contemporary works of art have to suffer, is matched by an equally ignorant appreciation, in the case of very ancient survivals. The glamour of the fame of Greece is liable to distort the vision of any save the most temperate persons in the presence of a genuine work of an artist of ancient Greece. Hence the exaggerated praise that has been bestowed upon Greek vases and Athenian tombstones. The worst amongst them is of course visibly Greek, and suggests to the excited mind of an enthusiast the splendour of the Greek ideal which it visibly embodies.

Transplant yourself in imagination into the future, three or four thousand years away, when, let us say, the

English-speaking race has run its course; and when all the hostilities that it has provoked are silent in the past, and only its great deeds and heroic memories survive. What think you would then be the attitude of a civilized man towards some damaged painting, say by the poorest artist whose picture found its way into the Academy Exhibition of 1901? How feeble soever it may be, it cannot but contain much of the spirit of the age in which it was produced. We can well imagine that its value would have grown to be very considerable, quite out of proportion to its intrinsic merit. That value would in fact be based on archaeological, not artistic grounds. The student must beware of confusing archaeology with art, and allowing the prestige of antiquity to injure his taste. There is as much danger of over-admiring what is ancient as of undervaluing what is modern. Interest is not beauty, and should not be mistaken for it; though the mistake is pardonable. The joy of archaeological discovery, like the joy of all discovery, is a great emotion, but Art exists to transfer emotions of joy which are independent of any purely intellectual stimulus. Every intellectual stimulus is accompanied by joy, but to produce emotion pure and simple is the function of Art. Though all the intelligence of the artist is requisite for his part of the work, the public is only called upon to contribute sympathy and to experience delight.

Those of you then who are, or would become, lovers of art must learn to look on works of art with the

simple eye of a child. Unless a figure, a landscape, a building, a piece of music, or a poem appeals directly and immediately to you as a thing of beauty, no amount of knowledge of technical processes and artistic traditions, or other intellectual equipment, will bring you one whit nearer to the artist's ideal. He and you, so far as that work is concerned, dwell in different worlds and are cut off from all intercommunion of soul. By admiration and delight alone can the spectator approach the artist.

"Wer den Dichter will verstehen
Muss in Dichters Lande gehen."

This Poets' Land, whereof the poet sings, is the land of all the Arts; for all the Arts are one. "I know of but one Art," said Michel-Angelo. Between the artists' land and the world of every-day life hangs many a spangled rainbow-bridge. He that can traverse the intervening gulf will assuredly find his way to the realm where all the poets and painters and musicians have dwelt, and where they have beheld the glimpses of beauty, which, though perhaps but dimly remembered and indistinctly embodied in their works, have become the priceless possessions of the human race.

LECTURE IV.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF ART.

A FEW months after the purchase of Raphael's Ansidei Madonna for the National Gallery, I chanced to overhear two men discussing the matter in a railway carriage. They were of the class called hard-headed men-of-business, or, in the language of the leading articles of certain newspapers, "plain men."

"I think," said one, "it's an absurd sum to give for a picture, especially now-a-days, when money is needed for so many purposes."

"Quite absurd!" replied his friend, "besides, what I always say is that we are a practical nation, and the Government ought to spend money practically. Now, what is the practical value of Art to anybody? It amuses people, perhaps; but what's its practical use?"

The train plunged into a tunnel, and the conversation terminated, but it had sufficed to pose the question clearly to me, What is the value of Art to a practical people? To seek an answer to this question shall be the object of the present lecture.

Observe that we are to discuss the value of Art to a nation, not to an individual. Every lover of Art knows without demonstration how precious a thing it is to him; but a nation, however artistic, consists of many persons, most of whom can at no time be expected to be lovers of Art. There is great difference between individual opinion which is the mere echo of a supposed public opinion, and individual opinion arrived at by each man for himself through his own experience. If a public opinion favourable to Art is to be formed at any time, it must be impressed upon the Philistine majority by a convinced minority—a minority, that is to say, consisting of persons sensitive to the joys of Art, realizing its high value as a permeating element of life, and eager to promote its advancement for its own sake, not for any economic profit. It is difficult to conceive of such a thing as public delight in most Arts. A crowd, regarded as an organic unit, not merely as an assemblage of independent individuals, is evidently able to enjoy Music and the Drama; but no crowd enjoys a painting, or a fine piece of goldsmith's work, or a sculptured figure. It is therefore obvious that most works of Art, other than musical compositions and plays, are produced not for crowds but for individuals.

Though, however, we cannot expect crowds to be moved by the emotion of joy, which works of most Arts are made to arouse, there is one crowd emotion which a national Art can appeal to. It is the emotion of Pride.

The great Cathedrals of the Middle Ages were built by cities, emulative of one another. So were the Town-Halls at a later date. The pride of France to-day is a far more potent incentive to national expenditure upon works of Art and the consequent vitality of the French school, than is the delight of individual Frenchmen in painting, sculpture, or architecture. If, in the United States, we observe a greater ambition to produce splendid buildings and to decorate them magnificently than we observe in England, it is because there is more municipal self-consciousness, municipal pride and rivalry, than exists in most British towns.

The satisfaction of popular pride cannot now be regarded as a practical motive; nor, where the pride does not exist, can it be appealed to as an availing force. Art cannot flourish if artists are not employed, that is to say, if works of Art are not ordered and paid for. Seeing that most of the money of the country is likely for a long time to be in the hands of the Philistines, it is necessary to convince them by practical arguments, which they are capable of understanding, first that Art is an economically valuable thing to a country, and secondly that it is a matter of real importance that the money spent upon Art should be spent wisely and upon the production of what is good, not merely upon what, at the moment, happens to be popular.

How much a year do we, the practical people of my plain friend of the railway carriage, actually spend upon

Art? If we could find an approximately correct answer to this question it would be valuable knowledge, for the sum is doubtless so immense and the number of persons to whom it gives employment so considerable, that the most Philistine of practical men would immediately perceive the importance of investigating whether we get a good return for the expenditure or whether much of it is waste. The category of Art, as we have already seen, includes everything beautifully made or done for the purpose of giving pleasure by the exercise of human skill. Our manufactures may often lack beauty, but they seldom lack the intention or pretence of beauty. Every pattern that is woven into cloth or printed on cotton, every fineness of texture, every delicacy of surface, is an artistic effort, successful or unsuccessful. Wall-papers, stuffs, furniture, house decoration internal and external, almost all the finishing, polishing, and fitting of things, the paint that is everywhere laid on, the cut, patterns, and textures of the clothes we wear, the food we eat that is not mere red flesh and baked dough, the plates we eat it off, the cups we drink out of, and the liquor (other than water) that we put into them, all belong to Art. Every musical sound, every theatrical exhibition, whatever part of the actions and surroundings of life has been added for grace or delight—all are portions of the artistic activity which absorbs a considerable fraction of the entire energies of any rich and civilized nation.

By the operation of economic forces the people of the prosperous parts of the world have been compelled continually to increase the fraction of their annual total expenditure devoted to Art, and consequently to multiply the number of persons who are properly to be included under the wide designation, Artists. The prehistoric savage had at first enough to do to provide food for himself and his family. When he had invented better methods of hunting he thereby acquired leisure, which he could spend in mere idleness, or in some, not absolutely necessary, occupation. There are races of men who prefer idleness to any occupation whatever. The progressive races have been those to which occupation was essential. As civilization has advanced the number of necessaries of life has increased. The standard of living in our own day is so high, even for the poor, that it takes all the time of a large part of the population of this country to provide the mere necessaries of life for themselves and their families; but the rest of the nation, a great multitude, is raised above this level and obtains a margin of income over and above what is required for the support of life. This margin rapidly increased in the last century. The number of persons that have the spending of it has steadily multiplied. The margin may be saved up for a time, but it can only be saved in the form of investment, and the profits of investment increase the margin. When a man has paid the rent of a dwelling sufficiently large to healthily house

himself and his family, when he has supplied them with a sufficiency of simple food and clothing, when he has paid for their education and fulfilled the normal obligations of a parent and citizen, whatever else he spends must be spent on some form of pleasure, some embroidery of life beyond the mere essentials; in fact he must spend some money upon Art. He may spend it upon bad art or upon good art; he may spend it upon a low form of art, or upon higher forms; but upon art of some kind it has to go, if it be spent at all. I draw a distinction between low art and bad art. Everyone I suppose will admit that poetry is a higher art than cooking. You can have good cooking and bad cooking just as you can have good poetry and bad poetry. I imagine it would be admitted that good cooking is better than bad poetry; but for the moment the thing to be noted is, not the quality of the arts demanded, but the fact that arts of many kinds are demanded by every prosperous society. The practical man is in fact an art-patron, good or bad, whether he knows it or not.

If we turn from a consideration of the people's expenditure to regard the whole question of national production, as it is influenced by the growing prosperity and manufacturing activity of the civilized world, the same conclusion is enforced upon us. Not so very many years ago these islands were the world's chief workshop. We produced much of the cotton and woollen goods, the iron and steel, the machinery, and

many other staple commodities, which were bought from us by other nations. Now, however, a greater part of these things is produced by most nations for themselves; whilst the United States and Germany rival, and in some cases, surpass us as exporters. There is a limit therefore to the amount of such wares that we can profitably sell. The world does not want more cotton, for instance, than can be produced in a limited number of factories, and so with other primary manufactured commodities. As the years go by, the number of workmen required for the production of a given amount of any manufactured commodity continually diminishes. It follows that unless new kinds of manufacture can be invented, or a more attractive quality can be given to the old kinds, our working classes will not be maintained in the full occupation essential to their well-being.

Exporting nations compete with one another in foreign markets, primarily in the matter of price; secondly in the attractive appearance of the wares they offer for sale; and only in the third place by their quality and durability. British goods have always been superior in quality and reasonably cheap, but generally inferior in attractiveness of appearance. In the long run, perhaps, their excellence of quality may tell, though at present certainly they are ousted from some markets by the cheaper products of Germany. The one quality which they have lacked, and without

which, under the new competitions, they cannot possibly long maintain their old prestige, is the quality of attractiveness, that is to say, of artistic finish and adornment. It is the artistic quality of many kinds of French commodities that keeps them in demand all over the world, notwithstanding their flimsiness of substance and relatively high price, despite the new competitions. The plain hard-headed man-of-business in England may some day, possibly, begin to entertain a suspicion that the question, how to improve the artistic quality of our manufactures, is a practical question of the most solid importance.

At one time there was a considerable industry of silk manufacture in England. It is the fashion to say that it was killed by hostile protective tariffs, set up against it in foreign countries. That, however, cannot have been the fatal agency, because it in nowise affected the home market. Now the home market for silk at the present day is probably as large as was the world-market for British silk three-quarters of a century ago. It was the bad quality of British design as compared with French design that really killed the British industry. Fine artistic quality can always overleap tariff walls. The British wall-paper industry, on the other hand, has fared otherwise. By the individual initiative of a group of artists, a high quality of design was applied to wall-paper manufacture. There arose a corresponding demand for the new and better class of

work, which very soon spread beyond the limits of the British Islands. Our wall-papers in consequence found favourable reception in various parts beyond the seas. This was one of the practical results of the so-called aesthetic movement, which likewise began the revival of the old silk industry. In this connection, let me mention with honour the name of Sir Thomas Wardle of Leek, who has shown how powerful an impetus can be given to industry by a wise application of the principles of Art.

Our definition of a work of art as something beautiful, skilfully made to give pleasure, applies as truly to the artistic industries as it does to the Fine Arts. It is not enough that the thing made should seem beautiful to the maker; there must be a corresponding perceptive faculty in the person or class for whom it is made. It is enough for the painter or the sculptor to find an individual capable of appreciating his work; but an artistic manufacturer appeals to a large class of buyers, and his wares must appeal to their taste. It follows that he must do one of two things. He must either, as William Morris did, create the taste for his commodities in a large body of people, or he must discover what is the actual taste of different groups, and supply commodities of the kind they admire. The latter method has been more largely and profitably followed by the Germans than by us.

Let me cite one instance. In Bolivia, between the

two great ranges of the Andes, the Eastern and Western Cordilleras, there stands a high plateau, forty or fifty miles wide, and about 12,000 feet above the sea. In this plateau are the two great lakes, Titicaca and Poopo. The population of the plateau and of the Islands in Lake Titicaca is racially the same as it was in the days of the Incas, and consists of Indians still speaking the ancient Aymara and Quichua languages. These Indians remain practically in the same state of civilization as when they were found by Pizarro. Their ancient faith survives beneath a thin varnish of Christianity. They preserve their old legends and traditions. Their social arrangements and industrial methods are unaltered ; and they wear almost exactly the same kind of costumes as their pre-Columbian forefathers. Here then you have a mass of population with a definite and settled taste. They love certain bright colours and combinations of colour. They will only buy certain kinds of material for their garments. If you wish to manufacture stuffs for them you must follow their taste absolutely. This the Germans have done, and the English have not done. You find in the markets of the Indian villages pieces of orange-coloured fluffy-textured flannel-like material, and others of half-a-dozen different bright tints, such as the Indians used to make for themselves. These are all now produced in Germany. It is futile to offer these people anything but what they have been accustomed to buy and wear. European

costumes and materials have no attraction for them, their taste is formed, definite, and not likely to change. What is true of the Aymara Indians is similarly true of a multitude of groups of people in different parts of the world.

The tendency of wholesale manufacture has been to break down and destroy local forms of taste, especially in costume. It would have been far better to study and to supply them. Imagine a world wholly brought under the dominion of European fashion: the same style of costume everywhere predominant at the same time. How much less interesting it would be than one in which variety prevails. Perhaps some day the tendency to uniformity of costume may cease even among the civilized races. That will not be in our time. It is, however, possible, profitable, and not difficult to maintain the existing variety of tastes among backward peoples. The inhabitants of tropical regions will always love bright colours and loose flowing garments. Manufacturers will find it worth while to study the various tastes of different tribes, and to supply them with the kind of coloured and decorated material that they like. What is true of costume is likewise true of crockery, simple tools, and domestic implements, for all the arts of life vary not merely from time to time but from place to place. Once, when visiting an English crockery-manufactory, and observing with regret the low level of design of its average productions, I was surprised and

delighted to meet with a quantity of very pretty and exceedingly cheap plates. I was informed that the big flowers, with which they were boldly decorated, were painted on them by hand. They were the work of a few boys who made no attempt at reproducing a design with mechanical accuracy—but splashed on the decoration with a free hand. The result was decidedly pleasing. I learnt that these plates were made for export to West Africa, where the natives bought them greedily, though they would have nothing to do with the elaborately printed plates, which the same manufactory turned out for sale to our own working classes. I could but conclude how superior is the taste of the African negro.

To study and attempt to gratify an established local taste not only helps to maintain variety in the world, but it reacts upon the craftsmen of the manufacturing country, enlarging their horizon of ideas and giving to their designers suggestive hints for new styles of domestic design. One of the real difficulties under which our manufacturers of decorated wares labour is the low level of taste evinced by our great home market. The ordinary kind of thing produced to attract the English masses is generally so ugly that there can be no possible demand for it elsewhere. Governments and municipalities have long ago perceived the advisability of improving the character of the design of goods intended for export, which have to compete in the

markets of the world with the products of other and more artistic countries. They not unnaturally concluded that the way to set to work was to found and maintain schools of art for the education of designers. Such schools, well equipped, and on the whole well officered, now exist in all our great centres of population. They are attended by multitudes of students and they annually turn out a large number of designers, soundly educated in the principles of what is intended to be their work. But no revolution has been thereby wrought; nor is a revolution of popular taste ever likely to be wrought by the multiplication of artists and designers. The moment these young students are turned out into the world and set to earn their living, they find that it is impossible to do so by putting into practice the principles they have been taught in the schools. There is no popular demand for the kind of designs they have been educated to make. It is with them as with the West African plates; they may be better; they may even be cheaper than those which the British workman is accustomed to buy; but they do not appeal to the British workman's taste. He won't buy them. He insists on having something actually worse which he is accustomed to think better. The young designer therefore has to abandon all his aspirations, and to devote himself to producing what he knows to be bad.

The question of the taste of the British masses is an extremely difficult one to investigate. How far its

apparent low level is due to racial incapacity, how far to ignorance, how far to the circumstances in which the people live, or finally to the dominion of fashion—these are questions which no one has yet seriously tried to answer. Those who best know the population of such a district as the East end of London, are most emphatic in the assertion that the poor are by no means so deficient in taste as we think them. It is claimed, for instance, that they take an intense delight in flowers; that whenever they get the chance they show the heartiest appreciation of good music; that when exhibitions of good pictures have been opened amongst them they not merely crowd to see them, as to an unusual show, but they take pleasure in them, and in a large number of cases enjoy them in the same way, and experience the same kind of emotions in their presence, as do amateurs of the more cultured sort. It is therefore affirmed that the taste of the poor is merely dormant, and that it could be quickened if right methods were applied. But what should those methods be?

I have already, in a former lecture, pointed out some of the activities of Governments and municipalities, which, so far from elevating, tend to depress the public taste. I need not repeat them here. Obviously the great change from country-living to town-living has produced a disastrous effect upon the taste of the working classes. This effect is in my opinion transitory. When towns

have been made as convenient and relatively pleasant places for the poor to dwell in as were old country villages in bygone days, a new set of conditions will prevail. Until decency of life is possible obviously taste cannot arise. Every rookery that is overthrown, every slum cleared away, every open space made into a garden, every street widened, every facility added for quick and cheap communication with the country, is a step in the right direction. Such changes are costly, but the expenditure upon them is essentially productive. When the masses are decently housed, a new stability may be expected to arise in the conditions of their life. Of course the poorest of the poor will always be with us, and there can never be any question of the creation of taste in them. But it is the great industrial class, the class of artisans earning good wages and having money to spare,—it is this class that now keeps down the general level of decorative art, and the taste of this class is assuredly capable of elevation. If you enter their houses you will find that their little sitting-rooms show signs of artistic aspiration. There is an infinite pathos in such humble interiors, with their framed photographs and chromolithographs and illuminated texts on the walls, their discordances of colour between paper, paint, and carpet, their treasures of shells, stuffed birds, and wax-flowers, their antimacassars, machine-lace curtains, embroidered mats, and patchwork cushions. It would seem that not money so much as taste is lacking;

but I think we are not justified in drawing that conclusion. Let us rather say that taste is dormant.

I have investigated some hundreds of houses of this class, and never found one that gave evidence of any cultivated artistic feeling. Yet I felt constrained to admit that it would be difficult for artistic feeling to assert itself under existing conditions. People of this class are seldom able to furnish their home with a single effort. Their possessions are the result of slow accumulation. Most of their furniture is second-hand and has drifted down from a higher social region. What you must expect is to find the fag ends and remnants of bygone fashion. If, for a century or more, fashion had been relatively stationary and all the furniture of the country had been more or less of one style, with house decoration developed to match it, and the various minor arts subordinate to it, there would be just as much harmony in the houses of the poor as in those of the rich ; but when fashion changes every few years, so that half-a-dozen totally different styles succeed one another within half-a-century, you will of course find survivals from all those styles simultaneously collected together in the houses of the poor, and it is quite impossible to expect such houses to express an individual's taste.

The fault is the fault of Fashion. Fashion's continual mutability in our day prevents the spread of taste. No sooner is there a sign of some definite style arising,

which might gradually spread throughout the whole nation, than by a conscious and intentional effort the style is changed and a new one substituted. Indeed, the last thing in the world that the rich want is either to be housed or furnished or dressed in the same style as the mass. By a perfectly true instinct the middle and poorer classes endeavour to copy the best that they see about them, but they are not given time to acquire an understanding of the essential quality of a fashion. Their superficial imitation of it is nipped in the bud. The rich keep hastening on to something new, and thus pass through a series of kaleidoscopic changes in attire, domestic decoration, and all the artistic furnishings of life.

It is not Fashion that is the enemy, but the mutability of Fashion. Fashion is nothing in the world but the predominance of a style. It applies not only to dress, but to all the arts. It dominates, and must dominate, the Art of Living at any date. The world can never get away from it. Thoughtless people sometimes advocate a fashionless society; but imagine what contemporary dress would be like without fashion. Every individual would design his or her own dress, attempting to make it unlike the dress of everyone else. If every individual were an accomplished and original artist, the result would be fine—but the world never did and never will consist of a population of original artists. See how badly dressed are most people now-a-days,

though the general scheme of dress design is imposed upon them, and all the latitude they have is in the selection of details of colour and minor elements of form. Narrow as are the limits of choice, they give latitude enough for the display of individual incapacity to design. If that incapacity had a wider area in which to act, it would produce a correspondingly worse result. Nations have been well-dressed when there was no latitude of choice left to individuals. The pretty costumes of various localities and peoples have been of a kind that was definitely fixed in almost every detail, so that one person was dressed like another.

We shall not escape Fashion. It corresponds in Art to public opinion in politics and morals. It is an expression of the fundamental instinct of order. To promote national good taste it is not necessary to abolish Fashion, but to obtain control of it, to render it the servant of good taste, to use it as an instrument for general improvement. In countries where fashion has been dominated, or as we say "set," by the artistic class, a fine national taste has arisen. Now-a-days fashion is under the dominion of the commercial class, the tradesmen. The result, as I shall show, is bad for trade. The proper function of trade is to distribute the commodities that people require, not to determine what people shall be made to require. That, however, is what the organization of trade now endeavours to do, and to a great extent succeeds in doing. Manufacturers, trades-

men, the illustrated press, the stage are linked together to impose a new taste upon the public every few months. All possible forces are brought to bear to make fashion change. It is the terror of the retail tradesman that people will not want new kinds of things at frequent intervals. Thus nothing is made to last, and no style is intended to endure. A special virtue is attached to novelty, as though novelty were any part of beauty. History shows that every fine style has been the result of growth, sometimes relatively rapid but always actually slow—covering the lifetime of one or two generations at least. Now, however, new styles are introduced annually—they come upon us with the return of the seasons of the year. New-fashioned is supposed to be equivalent to beautiful, old-fashioned to ugly. Under such conditions how is it possible for a national style to arise?

Observe that a national style must qualify the whole environment of life at once. It is not the mere fashion of attire, but it is a general scheme governing the character of Architecture, Decoration, Painting, Sculpture, and in fact all the Arts of the day. It is hard to imagine the dominion of such a force in our own time, but if you look back to any of the great artistic periods of the past, you will find that each of them gave expression to a single style, which penetrated every detail of Art-production. Take for instance the thirteenth century, the time when what we call Gothic Architecture culminated. We now admire the Cathedrals that have

survived from that period, and regard their architecture as particularly ecclesiastical, but when those Cathedrals were built they were built in the common style of the day, which found its expression simultaneously in every kind of building, domestic or public. Thirteenth century sculpture shows the same kind of taste as the contemporary architecture. The two Arts were made for and implied one another. So with the painting and stained glass of the period, it was controlled by the same style of design. Illuminated manuscripts, goldsmith's work, ivory carvings—all were designed in the same style; and the costumes of the day harmonized with it. Such a result cannot be arrived at in a hurry. Society must be pervaded by a single kind of taste which can only gradually determine the general character of the artistic product of the day. From year to year the style will gradually change and slowly improve, but it will do so by adhering to one set of principles and steadily following them out.

Such a method does not suit the ideas of the trading classes to-day. A spontaneous style, being a thing of slow growth, is no part of their aims. They like to take a ready-made style and impose it as quickly as possible upon society. That is how we have suddenly been plunged into Louis Quinze, a style as different as possible from that of most English houses a few years ago. By making this new style suddenly fashionable, tradesmen have been able to create a demand for a new

kind of decoration, a new style of furniture, carpets, light-fittings, fire-places, stuffs, and clothes simultaneously. Thus a great number of houses have been practically re-constructed and re-furnished within a short space of time. The same movement has enabled dealers in old works of Art to give vogue to, and enormously raise the prices of, groups of pictures and engravings previously of small pecuniary value. The public does not realize that these changes of fashion are worked upon them by rings of dealers, skilfully organized and directed. As soon as the stock of old furniture, paintings, prints, and other works of Art, which harmonize together in the Louis Quinze style, has been unloaded on the public at the highest level of prices to which dealers can force them, it will be to the dealers' interest to find another style as quickly as possible and make it in turn fashionable. The amount of capital now invested in the sale of old works of Art of all periods is so great as to form a power that may always be relied upon to resist the introduction of a purely modern style, because such a style would not contribute to the sale at nonsensically high prices of particular kinds of old work. What the dealers want is to revive old styles, to sell at high prices the genuine original works in that style, whilst the furniture-makers and other tradesmen get a new market for copies, imitations, and forgeries. For the interests of Art the whole system is vicious. Let us hope it is transitory.

It belongs essentially to a day of change, when wealth is continually coming into new hands, and when children seldom grow up to inhabit the houses of their parents. Before a style has had time to penetrate beyond the mere froth of society, and long before there is the least chance of its touching the mass of the people, it is whisked away and another takes its place. One craze succeeds another, and popular taste remains and must remain bewildered.

Until a solid national style arises—a style penetrating and unifying all the arts of the country—the demand for any special style of art-production can only be the demand of a class. That is an altogether unhealthy state of things, vitiating the quality of national manufacture. Suppose that there existed at the present time a good and definite English style, English artistic goods would be secure of a market of their own in all parts of the world. In the Middle Ages the manufactures of the Musulman peoples of Persia, Egypt, and Syria were thus distinguished, and an almost universal demand for them arose in the West. At a later date the porcelain and other products of China were widely sought after on the similar ground of their unique character. In our own days the products of Japan have enjoyed and still enjoy a similar vogue. In each case it has been because there was a well-marked difference of style between the production of those countries and the rest of the world, and in each case the style was a slowly elaborated

product of a national life. Such styles of course grow spontaneously and cannot be developed by "taking thought." We may see that the development of a national style in England is a thing desirable, but we cannot produce one off-hand. In a transitional period, such as the present, the most we can do is to apply a brake to the wheels of change, and use such influence as we may be able to bring to bear in favour of persistence in one line of effort. As the great change in modern life becomes accomplished, and the world settles down to the new conditions which must henceforward prevail, stability may be arrived at gradually. In an age of stability local styles of Art will once more prevail.

Meanwhile the elevation of the taste of all classes, especially of the artisan class, is an undertaking of high national importance. The public taste cannot be developed by Art-schools, but in two ways it can be affected. Something can be done by means of the agencies of primary education. Far be it from me to suggest that lectures on Art should be given in Board Schools; but attention should certainly be paid to the character of pictures and even diagrams displayed on their walls. There is no reason why the simple colouring of walls and woodwork should not be harmonious, and the desks and necessary furniture well-designed in good proportions. Good colour and good proportion cost no more than bad. Again, in the lessons given, especially in the Natural History lessons, there is no reason why the

beauty of Nature should not be enforced as well as the interest of Nature. In History, and specially in local history (which should everywhere be taught), attention might well be directed to the monuments as well as the records of the past. When prizes are given they need not all be books. Why should not a suitably framed reproduction of a charming picture sometimes be presented? It would come as a ray of sunshine into a humble home. There exists a valuable agency for forwarding the interests of Art in Schools. It is called the Art for Schools Association, and deserves to be mentioned with honour, and to receive far more encouragement than it has met with. That Association, if properly supported, and enabled to do its work on a large scale, would produce in a generation or two more elevating effect upon the artistic taste of the masses than can be effected by all the Art-schools in the country.

The last quarter of a century has seen an immense change in the social condition of a large fraction of the industrial classes. The hours of labour have been shortened, and wages have risen. Working men now enjoy no inconsiderable amount of leisure, and they have some money to spare in their pockets. What is the consequence? The spare money is spent in the spare time, and spent with the intention of bringing pleasure into life; that is to say, it is spent upon some kind of art. Put yourself into the position of a man of

small means and low breeding, in a low condition of life. Imagine that you have a shilling in your pocket, and a half-holiday in which to spend it in a great modern city. I think you would probably spend it on drink. I have sometimes endeavoured to maintain that, among the mass of our lower classes, those who possess the rudiments of artistic impulse are driven to become drunkards and criminals now-a-days. The artistic impulse is not particularly law-abiding. It makes a man adventurous in mind and body. It resents dulness and monotony. Thus it finds its outlet in our towns to-day in the public-house and in sport. Sport is a thing very closely akin to art, though it is not art. Sport is the exercise of skill for the pleasure of the exercise; art is the exercise of skill for the pleasure of others; a craft is the exercise of skill for purposes of utility. Skill is an element of all action. What we desire to develop is the general capacity to take discriminating pleasure in the noblest kinds of skilful activity.

The different arts are not all on one plane. Some stand higher than others, because some appeal to the higher parts of a man's nature than others. The arts of food and drink are doubtless the lowest, yet even those develop a sense of discrimination in the man who eats and drinks with attention. Improve the cooking of the working classes; you will have accomplished an important work and produced a definitely elevating effect. The housewife who cooks her family's simple meals

well is more likely to lay her table neatly than one who cooks badly. Anyone who has knocked about the wild places of the earth in tents, and thus been brought down almost to the savage state, knows what an important matter it is for his own condition of mind to attend to details of tidiness and cleanliness under such circumstances. A grubby tent and a messy habit of feeding is an ill preparation for the enjoyment of the glories of Nature. Capacity to perceive beauty is a habit of mind which pervades the whole of life and finds expression in every action. It is the civilizing agency. Can any nation properly be called civilized in which this habit of mind is wholly absent from the mass of men?

The second great elevating influence that can be brought to bear upon the mass is the influence of the wealthy class. Man is an imitative animal. The bulk of the poor do not wish to annihilate wealth. They desire to be wealthy themselves and to do what they see rich people doing. They are liable to identify wealth with self-indulgence. In the wilds of Patagonia I once met a runaway English sailor who frankly told me that, if he were rich, he would spend everything on drink. He said moreover that that was the case with all men as far as he knew. He believed that all rich people went to bed drunk every night. I suggested that some men were teetotalers. He replied that he had known such, but that they were all mad. His idea of the habits of the

rich, he said, was derived from certain ships' captains and publicans with whom he had come in contact. He generalized from insufficient data.

It may be admitted that the habits of the wealthiest class as beheld by the masses are habits of self-indulgence. Of course there is an immense volume of virtue among the rich. Let us even concede that they are the most virtuous class of our population. It is the fact, however, that externally, as seen from the street, the wealthiest class appears primarily self-indulgent. In dress, equipages, restaurants, occupations, extravagance far outruns style. Look at the carriages and their occupants in Hyde Park in the season—how few of them are really beautiful! Fat folks, visibly overfed, under-exercised, and insufficiently employed, enveloped in costly materials hideously combined, lolling in luxurious vehicles, tastelessly painted and often badly designed. They reek with money and they lack every trace of style, that is to say of art. It is fairly obvious that not beauty but self-indulgence and vulgar display are what they spend money to obtain.

If art does not penetrate life and manifest itself in all the equipment of life, it has no real existence in a society. If we could infuse a sense of style into the newly enriched classes we should soon become an artistic nation. They do not lack will; they lack knowledge of what to copy. They lack emphatic example. In the old country-living days a self-made

man had no lack of examples to copy; now folks recently enriched copy one another and swamp the inheritors of the old Art of Living. The transitional character of the age is at fault. A better state of things can only be arrived at in process of time and by well-directed effort. Civilize the rich. Teach them that life is a fine art which cannot be produced by the mere expenditure of money but requires skill and taste to attain. The sense of style will presently travel down the social ladder, as each class imitates the one above it. The energy and character of a people come from below, but art must begin in the upper classes. If we could only civilize them the cause of art would be won. But how are we to civilize the rich? How are we to exorcise vulgarity from high places? That is one of the problems of the twentieth century.

LECTURE V.

ART-HISTORY.

ART-CRITICISM, as we have seen, is the judgment and definition of the qualities and merits of a work of art. It is concerned with the Artist's ideal, his technical skill, and with the intended spectator's appreciative capacity. All these factors are different at different times. The Artistic Ideal, as in a future lecture will be explained at large, varies from age to age and never repeats itself. The technical skill of artists is likewise different at different times. What the public is capable of appreciating in one day they are incapable of enjoying in another. It follows that, rightly to understand any work of art of a bygone day, the student must have attained by study to a knowledge of the Ideal, the technical processes, and the character of the public of that day. A 20th century taste requires much education before it can justly discern all the merits of a 14th century picture. It is true that some of those merits may be of an obvious and universal sort. Thus a fine decorative effect, a powerful scheme of light and shade,

harmonious combinations of colour—these and the like excellent qualities are universal. A young artist in his student days, desirous of forming his own style and increasing his skill of hand, is rightly recommended to study the works of old masters. He will seek among them for such universal qualities. It will be a matter immaterial to him what were the conditions under which the old artist did his work, or what limitations those conditions involved. Neither will it be his concern what effect the old master intended to produce upon the men of his day, nor what contemporary forces turned his energies in a particular direction.

Even a superficial observer cannot fail to perceive the difference between a 12th century Cathedral like Durham and the 13th century Cathedral of Salisbury. Both are beautiful in their ways. An artist of any date is likely to profit by the study of them. It matters nothing to him what were the causes of their difference in style. He need not even inquire their date or concern himself in any way about their history. It suffices that he finds in them qualities of beauty, which should nourish the growth in him not of an imitative but of a creative power.

I remember once meeting in Italy a young American architectural student who had been filling his sketch-books during industrious years of travel in all parts of Europe. Everything he fancied was grist to his

mill. It was alike astonishing and delightful to turn over his pages and observe the catholicity of his selections. He never inquired what was the date of anything he sketched, nor to what artist or even what school of art it belonged. Those matters he justly held to be no concern of his. I noted that he had observed, in a number of frescoes by Giotto and his followers, details of architecture, colonnades, canopies, and the like, which as I well enough knew had been intended to represent stone structures—in some cases still-existing, identifiable buildings. Such structures Giotto always depicted in an emblematic manner, making the columns impossibly slender. My young friend cared nothing for Giotto's intention. He derived from them suggestions for metal structures, and I daresay by now the hints he drew from them have been applied by him—and I hope well-applied—to designs for some of the beautiful metal-work in which United States' artists excel.

The historical art-student must approach works of bygone days in a totally different spirit. It must be his aim to see them as with the eyes of the persons for whom they were painted. He must, as far as possible, lay aside all his modern prejudices, divest himself of his modern learning, and transfer himself in spirit back to the artist's day. He must inspire himself with the Ideal of that day, obtain a comprehension of its technical limitations, and must remember the kind of persons for whom the work of art under examination was made,

whether a cultivated individual, a restricted, proud class, or the great public. It will be my endeavour in a future course of lectures to help you to regard the works of early Florentine artists from this point of view. You can readily perceive how wide a basis of study is necessary for a student who desires to obtain even a general insight into the works of art of the chief schools and periods of the whole past.

A student must know something of the social and political history and religious ideas of the ancient Egyptians before he can understand why a pyramid was built, or a 12th dynasty tomb hewn in the rock, or what is the meaning of a Rameside temple; or can properly appreciate the qualities of the Egyptian Renaissance under the 26th dynasty; or can value aright the great architectural monuments of the Ptolemies. Again, the staged temples of Babylonia, the ruined palaces of Assyria, the scattered remains of the Hittites and Phoenicians, are expressions of different civilizations, by whose history they must be interpreted and upon which in turn they shed a bright illumination. It is the same with the remains of Cyprus and the islands and coasts of the Aegean. The student of Art-history cannot merely be content to pass them before his eyes; he must bring to their interpretation every fact that can throw light upon the ideals of the artists that made them, and the character of the people for whom they were made. Even the art

of Greece itself must not be regarded as an isolated phenomenon. It arose when and where it did because it inherited and combined the traditions of several more ancient schools. It would have been other than it was if they had not preceded it.

Further, the catholic student of Art-history will not rest satisfied without tracing effects as well as causes. He will follow the ramifications of the Hellenistic schools, and observe how in the hands of peoples of different characters, dwelling in widely separated regions, the Hellenistic tradition gave birth to all sorts of artistic offspring: in north-west India producing the Gandhara school of sculpture, at the command of Buddhist priests; in Persia transformed into a totally different style; in Rome and all parts of the Western world otherwise modified. He will further observe how, from these descendants of the Hellenistic school, there arose in a later artistic generation the Byzantine, Romanesque, and Musulman styles; each of them conditioned by the civilizations, the racial peculiarities, the climates, and the natural resources of the countries of their birth. He will follow down the unbroken stream of artistic tradition, through all the ages and in all the leading civilized lands, to the present day, till he has thus learned to recognize the ultimate truth, that all the artists of all the world, from the remotest antiquity to modern times, are united in one great genealogical tree of master and pupil, even as the inhabitants of the earth are united

with all generations of their predecessors by unbroken sequence of parent and child.

The foregoing considerations suggest that there are two ways of looking at ancient works of art, corresponding with the points of view of the artist and historian. In our own day the majority of moveable works of ancient art are drifting towards museums. Now a museum is not merely a shelter for the preservation of such objects as may be housed within it. The collections it contains ought to be, and to some extent generally are, arranged according to a principle, so that the museum as a whole expresses the purpose for which the collections are made. If the intention of those responsible for the museum is only to assist the education of artists, the selection and arrangement of objects should be of one kind; but if a collection of works of art is intended to represent the evolution of art, different principles will govern in selection and arrangement. Of our great national art-collections those at South Kensington were intended to fulfil the former function, whilst the National Gallery and British Museum have grown to be, in theory at all events, historical collections. It is not without interest therefore to inquire by what routine of arrangement in either case the purpose of a museum is best fulfilled; and to examine how far our own great public collections are well selected and organized for the fulfilment of their intended functions.

A collection of works of art, primarily meant to be a place of study for artists, should obviously contain no work that is not in the opinion of artists themselves admirable, suggestive, or imitable. It is a matter of no importance whom the works exhibited are by, or to what period they belong, or even whether they are genuine or forged, so long as they are good. Artists are particularly liable to be deceived by forgeries, because if the forger is himself a skilful contemporary artist he will reproduce in his forged copy exactly those qualities of the original which attract the attention and admiration of an artist. The presence of forgeries therefore in a collection made under the supervision of artists for artists ought not to excite surprise. The primary consideration, I repeat, is that every work selected should be good of its kind, and that the choice should be as catholic as possible. In arrangement the first obvious consideration is the grouping together of all works of one kind of art. Thus all porcelain, whether European or Oriental, should form one collection and be exhibited together; and so with metal-work, terra-cotta, wood-carving, furniture, leather-work, and the like crafts. The fundamental principle of arrangement must be the division of crafts. Subordinate to that, though scarcely less important, should be the artistic grouping of the objects exhibited. They should be arranged as an artist would like to arrange them, not in mere hap-hazard sequence on a row of shelves, but so that each may be able to display its own

merits without interference from its neighbours, or even if possible with their help. To this end again not quantity but quality must be considered. The moment the number of objects exhibited becomes too great for the space available, the collection begins to defeat its own object; and each added object may destroy the utility of many others. Everything should be so placed that a student can sketch it. If it be a work intended to be seen from all sides it should be so placed or mounted as to be visible from all sides. Of course every museum must be managed by one man or by a group of men. Experience shows that museum directors and Boards of Trustees come in every respect to resemble a type of individual collector. They develop the same acquisitiveness, the same ambition to excel others in the size of their collections, the same desire to possess what is rare simply because of its rarity. These are vices which have to be contended against, especially in the case of a museum made for artists. In such a museum rarity is a matter of no importance, quantity of secondary importance, whilst quality and good arrangement are vital.

In the art-collections at South Kensington the nation possesses a magnificent, almost unrivalled, wealth of beautiful things. They were intended to be subjects of study and inspiration for artists. The collections include not merely the objects exhibited in London but a multitude of others supplied on loan to the

numerous provincial museums. In theory the objects so lent should be illustrative of the special artistic industries of the places to which they are supplied, but in practice this important consideration is sometimes overlooked. It has been made matter of blame to the Museum authorities that they have been misled into the purchase of many forgeries, and that many of the objects exhibited are wrongly labelled, false attributions being or having been by no means uncommon. For artists however, as I have shown, these matters are of minor, or almost no importance, and the Museum was intended for artists, not for historical students. The serious criticism to which the management lies open is that the original purpose of the collections has not been steadily kept in view. They have been allowed to become too comprehensive, and to include a mass of works of inferior merit, though doubtless of high historical interest. Archaeology has been permitted an entrance side by side with art. Moreover the arrangement of the collections has become almost chaotic, partly owing to the lack of space—which, however, is now being supplied—partly because the entire collections of amateurs have been accepted as gifts or legacies, subject to the mischievous condition that they shall be kept together, exhibited as single and complete collections for all time. It would be easy to enlarge on these and the like criticisms, but I should exceed my proper function in so doing on the present occasion. My only

object in referring to them at all is because it may happen to some of my hearers that, in after life, they come to occupy positions of responsibility in connection with metropolitan or provincial museums, or at least to be able to influence the policy of such institutions. It is well that their attention should be directed to the special purposes for which Art Museums exist.

Let us now turn to the collections in the British Museum and the National Gallery. Both institutions were founded in a hap-hazard, English way, merely to gather together such ancient works of art as chanced at the time to be prized; to preserve them from destruction; and afford the public more or less of access to them. It is only by slow degrees and by the logic of circumstances that they have evolved into historical Art Museums. They are therefore housed in buildings structurally unsuited to their proper arrangement from a historian's point of view. It is, moreover, unfortunate that the great National Library should be under the same roof with the archaeological collection, whilst the historical picture-gallery, which ought to be an integral part of the latter, is widely separated from it. Some day perhaps the Library will fill the whole of the Bloomsbury building and the archaeological and picture collections will be united in a spacious edifice somewhere else. If then those objects, now at South Kensington, which are unsuited to form

part of a collection of artistic types, were to be transferred to the historical Museum of Art, England would find itself in the possession of magnificent Art Museums, each capable of being made to fulfil its proper function almost to perfection.

In a historical collection the first necessity is that the things shown should be what they profess to be, and that all the essential facts about them—their date, provenance, authorship, and so forth—should be accurately recorded on each. Everything shown must be genuine, and what it professes to be. Everything must occupy its right chronological and geographical position. Such a collection is valuable in proportion to its comprehensiveness and lucid arrangement. It should be the visible expression of the evolution of art from earliest to latest times, and it should be planned and built to this end. One might compare its plan to that of a chess-board, in which the horizontal rows of squares may represent simultaneous geographical distribution and the vertical rows local chronological sequence. Of course, as you descend the stream of time, the output of art-production increases and local schools multiply. Your ideal plan therefore would resemble a fan rather than a square or oblong. No Art Museum in the world is thus articulately formed, but it is to be hoped that some day one will be, though it were only a museum of reproductions. The reason why existing museums produce such an effect of confusion on the minds of ordinary

visitors, and have so little educational effect, is because of their inarticulateness of arrangement.

Here let me pause for a moment to make a practical suggestion to those of you for whom the study of old works of art may possess attraction. Do not confine yourselves to one kind of art only. Make, if you please, architecture, or painting, or what you will, your chief subject of study; but, in considering the works of any particular date, make yourselves acquainted in however summary a fashion with contemporary works of other kinds. When studying the architecture of the thirteenth century, pay attention likewise to the sculpture, the illuminated manuscripts, the goldsmiths' work, the stained glass windows, costumes, armour, and in fact everything else of the date. For all the arts of any one period are but different expressions of the same ideal and cannot but throw light one upon another. In attempting so to work you will find yourselves impeded at every step in most archaeological museums by their faulty arrangement. Thus, for instance, the Greek vases of various dates will be found grouped together and separated from the contemporary bronzes. What the historical student would like would be to find all the works of all kinds, say of the fifth century, brought together and separated from the works of the succeeding generation and style. Such an arrangement would not only be valuable to the student of Art-history but equally so to the ordinary historical student. There is no better

way of approaching the study of any historical period than by coming in contact in the first instance with things of all kinds actually made by human hands in that period. Anyone who has attained such general knowledge of medieval art as to enable him to fix approximately, at a glance, the half century, say, between the twelfth and fifteenth, within which a given object that he sees for the first time was made —a skill which can be attained in a few months of study—has laid a foundation on which to build up a knowledge of the course of events, and the progress of movements, more significant than the ordinary list of dates learnt by rote, which used to be the grammar of history.

For historical study the two most important qualities in a well-arranged archaeological museum are the absolute authenticity of the objects exhibited, and the completeness and continuity of the collections as representative of all historic and prehistoric periods. It may happen that, by position of discovery, continuity of tradition, or exact historical record, the authorship and authenticity of a particular work can be decided with certainty. More frequently, however, they must be determined from internal evidence. Hence, to arrive at such determinations is an important part of an art-historian's functions, and frequently becomes his chief aim. Some men would sooner be known as authorities upon particular kinds of art than be recognized

as persons of refined taste, though of course the development of a refined taste should be the main object, as its exercise is the joy, of the lover of art. "A man may study butterflies and forget that they are beautiful, or be perfect in the Lunar Theory without knowing what most people mean by the moon"; and so it is with art. It is possible to attain the kind of knowledge that pronounces almost with certainty as to the authorship of a picture, and yet to be without sense or enjoyment of its beauty.

The historical art-student, moreover, is not merely in danger of restricting himself to study of the technical aspect of works of art, but of confining his attention to a particular and, it may be, a very small category, of such works. This is the disease of modern specialization. Let me recommend you to cultivate what Bagehot called an enterprising intellect. No one will accuse him of being a slipshod student, but this is his criticism on modern methods of study when carried to excess:

"The speciality of pursuits is attended with a timidity of mind. Each subject is given up to men who cultivate it, and it only; who are familiar with its niceties and absorbed in its details. There is no one who dares to look at the whole. 'I have taken *all* knowledge to be my province,' said Lord Bacon. The notion, and still more the expression of it, seems ridiculous now. The survey of each plot in the world of knowledge is becoming more complete. We shall have a plan of each soon, on

a seven-inch scale; but we are losing the picturesque pictures of the outside and surface of knowledge in the survey of its whole. We have the petty survey, as we say, but no chart, no globe of the entire world; no bold sketch of its obvious phenomena, as they strike the wayfarer and impress themselves on the imagination. The man of the speciality cannot describe the large outlines; he is too close upon the minutiae; he does not know the relations of other knowledge, and no one else dares to infringe on his province—on the 'study of his life'—for fear of committing errors in detail which he alone knows, and which he may expose."

In Art-history, unless you know something of the whole subject from prehistoric times down to the present day you cannot properly understand any part; for it is the whole life of art that is the subject of study; the parts are only interesting as contributions to the whole. Make any part whatever, if you please, subject of a special study, but do not fail to glance over the whole area, and learn to recognize that all parts are interesting, and that at all periods men perceived and loved beauty, and some men at least devoted their lives to it.

Though I recommend those of you who would be students of Art-history to attain as much general knowledge as you can of the whole subject, I should not speak with the expert voice of the present day if I did not likewise invite you to become masters of some special epoch or special art. Such mastery implies the acquisition

of what is called connoisseurship. Connoisseurship in its modern sense is a thing of recent growth. Until the diffusion of photography, and the multiplication of photographic reproductions of all kinds of works of art, the apparatus for it did not exist. The connoisseur of the eighteenth century was usually a man of some taste, who had travelled and seen such objects as used to be shown to persons making what was called "the grand tour." His only guides as to date and authorship were traditions in the mouth of the local cicerone, and uncritical works like "The Lives of Vasari." It was not till museums were multiplied, and facilities of travel improved, that the opportunities of comparing various works together led to the identification of groups as the work of the known author of a single object, led likewise to suspicions of the correctness of many old attributions. This process has gone steadily forward, and, as I have stated, has received much assistance from photography. The old vague conception of the Raphaelesque style has been replaced by an almost precise knowledge of the habit of Raphael's hand at every period of his artistic career. Experts have patiently investigated every known product of his pencil and his brush till they have learned to recognize what may best be described as his tricks of hand—those almost unconscious movements which leave traces wherever the hand has passed and no copyist can imitate. In fact these students have investigated the works of the master after the manner of an expert in

handwriting, who is called upon in a court of law to detect a forged document.

Nor is it only upon the works of a supreme artist like Raphael that such study has been lavished. A considerable group of accomplished critics have passed the whole of Italian art of the great age under similar minute review. They have been assisted in their labours by another group of men of research who have read through and published pertinent selections from all manner of ancient archives, thereby bringing to light authentic contemporary evidence as to the authorship of works, and facts about the lives of artists. What has been done for the Italian school has also been more or less completely done for all the chief schools of art of the world—for all at any rate that have been subjects of popular interest. Another agency that has thrown a powerful light on much ancient artistic work and has revolutionized our knowledge about some periods has been the spade. Excavation has not merely added a multitude of objects to the world's collections, but by its necessarily slow process it has directed the attention of the excavators to a more minute observation of detail than was thought of before. It is sufficient to compare the methods of Professor Flinders Petrie with those, for instance, of Mariette, to perceive how great has been the change. It would indeed be safe to say that the re-excavation of sites or monuments, considered as having been thoroughly explored 50 years ago, has

often yielded more information than was acquired by the original explorers.

In the eighteenth century a man might bring himself into the front rank of connoisseurs of any particular branch or school of art by the expenditure of very little time and trouble. It was particularly easy for a painter to make himself erudite in the history of painting without neglecting his own practice. This was even true down to a relatively recent period. Thus it came to pass that most of the principal picture-galleries of Europe were not improperly placed under the care and direction of artists. Now, however, expertness is not so easily acquired. Competition has grown keen in this matter also, and the area of possible knowledge is immensely widened. To become an expert in the history of painting is as much a life's work as to become a painter. Only a man endowed by nature with a quick eye and a retentive memory can attain to eminence in this line. The subject is no longer simple; the mass of printed material to be mastered is enormous. New discoveries are of monthly occurrence and are recorded in a variety of journals published in half-a-dozen languages. The mere foundation of good connoisseurship likewise involves personal inspection of the principal museums of Europe. To become a good expert in art therefore involves as long a preliminary training as is required to make a good lawyer or physician. Those institutions which earliest perceived these facts and

obtained the best expert direction possible profited by their wisdom. In this, Germany of course was ahead of England. I have been informed that the Städel Institute at Frankfort and the Fitzwilliam Museum here at Cambridge were founded somewhere about the same time and endowed with approximately the same sum of money. The Städel Institute was placed under the control of experts many years sooner than the Fitzwilliam Museum, with the result that it was able to take advantage of a period, unlikely ever to return, when important old works of art could be bought at a cheap rate. Anyone who will compare the two collections as they now exist will perceive the enormous difference between the result of the two policies.

The high ideal of expertness, thus set before you, as proper to the man who would make Art-history the work of his life, is of course unattainable by an amateur, for whom the study of old works of art is a recreation. Yet every amateur, in proportion as he becomes interested in the subject, will find himself attaining some knowledge of this branch of art-criticism and will take pleasure in increasing it. The best possible way to obtain expertness, especially for a man of limited means, is to become a collector. Nothing educates the judgment so quickly as the making of costly mistakes. To spend rather more than you can afford on purchasing what you believe to be a treasure, and then to find out that you have acquired a forgery, teaches the purchaser a lesson

that he will not soon forget. He will not be taken in by that particular kind of deceit again. I speak in this matter from personal experience. It is not necessary to be rich in order to collect, provided a man is catholic in his tastes, and takes advantage of the countless opportunities which the roving nature of modern life brings within the reach of most. Works of art acquired by a parent, prized by a son, tolerated by a grandson, are often neglected and scattered by his descendants. They turn up at country sales or drift into pawn-shops. Thus there is provided a permanent function for the studious and relatively impecunious collector of good taste to hang on the flanks and follow in the rear of neglect, picking up and rescuing the stragglers that keep falling from the proud army of recognized fame.

Not all good art is always fashionable. Works, that could have been bought five-and-twenty years ago for a few pounds or even shillings, now fetch their hundreds or scores of guineas. Doubtless the same will be true 25 years hence, and some of you will live to cast your eyes back to the present day and regret that you did not appreciate and acquire, when they were cheap, objects since risen beyond the reach of your purse. Let me suggest for instance that the monthly output of illustrated journals and magazines often includes some admirable prints; and that an amateur of refined taste could fill a portfolio in course of time with a precious collection of chosen impressions, acquired one by one, at

an expense altogether trifling. The man who in his youth keeps a few shillings, and later on, as he prospers in life, a few pounds, available for the purchase of a good thing whenever the opportunity occurs, who does not confine himself to one small area of art, but looks primarily for beauty, and buys nothing that is not absolutely good, will fill his rooms by degrees with a small selection of works that will be of interest to all lovers of art and a priceless possession to himself. It is not merely the things that will be a pleasure to him. Each one will be a connecting link with a multitude of objects similar in character or school, all of them perhaps greatly superior in value, preserved in museums or the property of rich private collectors. Thus, for example, twenty-five years ago I bought for sixpence a bit of old Chinese enamel, a genuine fragment of work of the best school, and I can honestly say that having that fragment continually at hand, and being able to pick it up and examine it closely without the necessary restrictions that impede the handling of precious objects in a museum, taught me more about Oriental enamel than I learnt from all the fine collections in Europe. Every object you buy, however trifling an example in itself, directs your attention to other objects of the same kind, teaches you to appreciate what is better, and to discern the worse.

To the ordinary man of small means the suggestion that he should become a collector seems as absurd as

that he should become a millionaire; but in fact painstaking research, patient hunting, and acquired knowledge, are more important parts of a collector's equipment than is a long purse. Two of the most interesting small private collections known to me have cost their makers nothing; an occasional sale of some object of particular rarity, very cheaply acquired, having covered the cost of the remainder. The ordinary new-made rich man, who has spent the first part of his life in becoming a millionaire and then turned his attention to buying works of art, is seldom a good collector: the reason being that he has grown incapable of the kind of preliminary study which is necessary before he can venture to trust his own judgment. He must either place himself in the hands of a dealer, or constitute himself at once the paymaster and the humble servant of an expert, who really makes the collection for him and takes a heavy toll for so doing.

One thing now-a-days every student must collect, more or less,—I mean photographic reproductions of ancient objects. Every tourist buys photographs. Few collect them on any principle. I cannot urge you too strongly, if you wish to become acquainted with the art of the past, to make an organized and well-chosen collection of photographs a matter of prime consideration. And here let me venture to add a few practical suggestions. For the adornment of the walls of your rooms a few large framed reproductions of such

works of art as you especially admire may be suitable enough; but for a student's historical collection small photographs are preferable to large. Do not mount them on cards or the collection will soon become too bulky for easy reference. It is better to keep them unmounted and to group them together in large envelopes; all of one size, and each devoted to the works of a particular master, school, or period. The ordinary photographs which you buy all over Italy for a franc apiece are the most convenient size for a student's purposes. The best way to begin the formation of such a collection is not to plunge into indiscriminate acquisition of whatever takes your fancy, but to select some particular master or school and form a fairly representative body of reproductions of authentic works.

Say, for example, that you choose the works of Raphael. You should begin by reading the two or three best lives of that painter, and by making out a list of those pictures and drawings which seem to be best representative of the different periods of his art. You will find that for some pictures there still exist a considerable number of authentic designs, which enable the artist's process of conception to be followed. Some of these will of course find a place on your list, the more certainly because a pen-and-ink drawing, every touch of which is from the master's own hand, can be reproduced almost perfectly by photographic process. You will further find that the early stages of Raphael's develop-

ment are to some degree obscure. There are differences of opinion as to the influence of older masters upon him and as to the order in which those influences were brought to bear. Some drawings once confidently ascribed to him are now as confidently included in the work of other painters. You will thus be led to bring together representations of drawings by such men in order that you may be able to place them side by side with the genuine work of Raphael which resembles them. You will of course arrange your collection in the strictest possible chronological order, without regard to the present geographical distribution of the originals. On the back of each photograph you will pencil such notes as may seem useful, adding references to the literature of the subject. Fully to illustrate the whole of Raphael's known work would require 600 or more photographs, many of them very difficult to come by; but a tenth of that number will suffice for a student's representative collection. The whole art of Italy in its great period can be adequately represented by a few hundreds of photographs provided that they have been thoughtfully chosen, and above all things well arranged. Such a collection cannot be made in a hurry, nor without a great deal of work. It must follow reading, not precede it.

What the individual student is thus recommended to do for himself on a small scale should be done for every historical Art Museum on as large a scale as possible.

In fact there is room for a great collection of reproductions of all the art of all the world, organically arranged in the manner I have thus suggested. Some years ago, when I was Art-Professor at Liverpool, I put forward a proposition for the formation of a museum of this kind. It was very favourably received at the time. If the ends of the earth had not just then attracted me so powerfully as they did, I think I should have obtained the necessary funds for making an experimental collection, at all events of one kind and period of art. To carry out the whole plan of such a museum would not be so simple a matter as may at first appear. It would be easy to write to all the chief publishers and order their entire series of photographs of Italian paintings and drawings, but what would be the result? A mere chaos of prints; many of them wrongly named, attributed to the wrong artists; copies put forward as originals; no distinction between school pictures and the master's own work; drawings with no indication of the pictures for which they were studies; no dates; no sequence. There would besides be great and important gaps in the series. Many pictures in private collections or small galleries have been photographed by local photographers only. Sometimes these are a master's most characteristic works. Some pictures have not been photographed at all. Drawings are even more difficult to pursue. In fact the collecting alone is a complicated work, but the arrangement of the collection would take

far more time and would involve the cooperation and advice of many experts.

The great age of Italian painting from Cimabue to Tiepolo might perhaps be fairly completely represented by 20,000 photographs of pictures and drawings. Suppose the collector to be able to handle and arrange 25 photographs a day on an average, it would take him 800 days to bring this mass into order—practically more than three years of working days. The cost of the photographs would be not less than £1000. They would have to be mounted, boxed, and shelved for purposes of general reference by students, and that would cost at least £1000 more. In practice the whole cost of such a collection would work out at nearer £3000 than £2000. That would enable us to produce a kind of illustrated index, chronologically classified, of all the chief paintings and drawings that have come down to us from the old Italian schools. A student would be able, by turning over the contents of a few boxes, not merely to acquaint himself with the aspect of the pictures of, say, Botticelli (in so far as photography is able to reproduce painting), but he would have them presented to him in order of production. He would see the growth of the artist's style. He would find the genuine pictures separated from others merely produced in the workshop under the master's eye. He would find a note on the margin of a doubtful picture. If it is attributed by critics of

weight to some other artist he would find that fact stated, and he would likewise find a duplicate photograph included in that master's work. He would be able to compare the work of master and pupil, or the works of a group of men affected by a common influence.

The collection should be accompanied by one or more card-catalogues, each card standing for a photograph. On the card should be stated the name of the artist, the title and date or approximate date of the picture, where it is preserved, where referred to in important books or articles, the name and place of the photographer, and any other essential facts, stated in the briefest possible manner. The cards, duplicated or triplicated if need be, might be grouped together according to any principle likely to be of use. The main catalogue would be arranged chronologically like the collection, but there might be subsidiary catalogues grouped according to type or subject. Thus, in this section, you would find together the cards of all the pictures representing such a subject as the Glory of St Thomas Aquinas or the portraits of San Bernardino of Sienna. It would thus be easy to refer to the collection of photographs and consult simultaneously all representations of a single subject. The chronological catalogue should be printed, and it would be advisable to adopt in it some system of indicating the relative importance of individual works. Thus,

supposing the thousand most important photographs were marked with three asterisks, the next 1500 with two, and the next 2500 with one, any person or institution provided with this catalogue might order from an agent all the photographs marked with the three asterisks, or those of the second class also, or the whole 5000 asterisked in any way, or might duplicate the entire collection; and they could do so without having to repeat any of the long and costly processes of research involved in making the original collection.

To this photographic collection of Italian paintings and drawings I would add similar collections of photographs of sculpture, mosaics, miniatures, bronzes, medals, embroideries, furniture, architecture of all kinds, metal-work—in fact the entire art-production of Italy. When that had been completed we should have an illustrated index of one great school of the world's art. What was thus accomplished for one school might be done for all schools. The complete collection would begin with the simple implements and the engraved and carved bones of prehistoric times. It would follow down the stream of human activity through the polished stone-age to the introduction of metals. It would reproduce the objects discovered by excavation on the most ancient Egyptian and Chaldean sites. It would bring together as complete a series as possible of the work of all kinds of artists in ancient Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, China, Peru—in fact of every country where Art ever existed and enshrined

the ideals of human aspiration. If such a museum of photographs were expanded to include casts of ivories and electrotype reproductions of small objects such as coins, still more if it were linked on to a large historical collection of casts, the result would be a Museum, whose contents would indeed possess a relatively trifling intrinsic value, but whose utility as contributing to the increase of an understanding of the course of evolution of the human mind would surpass that of any existing institution. The proposal may seem a large one, but there is nothing impracticable in it. Though the sum of money ultimately required would no doubt be considerable, it would only be wanted in comparatively small amounts at a time. The main requisite would be skilful experts in sufficient number to organize and arrange the very cheap materials which already exist in countless multitude.

But let us say that the proposal on this great scale is Utopian. It is not the scale but the method that I have desired to submit to your consideration. That method can be adopted on the humblest possible scale by any individual who spends a few shillings now and again in the purchase of photographs of works of art. Say that a man takes a month's holiday in France and comes back with 50 photographs of French architecture. If, in the purchase of them and afterwards in their arrangement, he has historical sequence and architectural development in view, he will find that he is able to

endow his little collection of representative works with an interest altogether disproportionate to its size, and that the endeavour to select wisely what is most representative is in itself a valuable education; whilst the after arrangement and annotation of his little collection will bring to his attention many an interesting detail that he had overlooked, and will fix in his mind not merely the memory of particular objects of beauty or interest, but a general conception of the development of a Style and the growth or decay of an artistic Ideal.

LECTURE VI.

THE SUCCESSION OF IDEALS.

A SUGGESTIVE kind of picture used to hang in many a medieval church. It was painted on both sides of a board. On one side were a pair of lovers walking hand in hand in a meadow gay with spring. Flowers blossomed about their feet; birds sang in the trees above their heads. On the reverse was the grim figure of Death, hour-glass and scythe in hand. The thing, pendent from a single cord, hung free in a draughty place, and the air twisted it about hither and thither, so that one side and the other were seen in swift interchange. The History of Art presents a similar aspect of change—of growth and decay, Life and Death.

From the earliest times down to the present day man has advanced in knowledge and power. The social organization has become more complex from age to age. Well-being has increased. Population has multiplied. The whole story is one of continual development. It is

not so with the History of Art. The Pyramids, temples, decoration, and colossal sculptures of Egypt remain the best of their type. In another style, the Palaces of Assyria have not been surpassed. The architecture and sculpture of Greece were perfect in their kind. The works of ancient poets, from the Book of Job down, remain models approaching perfection, each in its own manner. What Dome has ever surpassed that of the Roman Pantheon? The decorative Arts of Byzantium attained perfection in a style unlike any that preceded or has followed. The same is true of Gothic architecture, Renaissance painting and sculpture, and many another style and school of Art. The later are not superior to the earlier. All the great schools rank together. The History of Art relates the succession of styles, not the stages of a long development. Civilization may steadily increase, the political organization of peoples may grow continuously more complex and efficient, education may spread downward, the standard of Life may rise, but Art takes a course of its own. No possible growth of civilization will give us another Sophocles, Shakespeare, or Raphael. Artists equally great may arise, but they will never surpass these men in their own kind, nor anyway rival them. The great artists that are to come will be great in some new fashion. The great schools of the Future will not express the old ideals in a better way, but new ideals in a new way.

Individual styles develop and decay, but styles merely

succeed and do not surpass one another. The ideal of any period expresses the joy of the people of that period, and there is no evolution of joy. The emotion is for ever the same, but called forth by ever-varying stimulus. It is with mankind as with the individual. Childhood delights in one thing, youth in another, manhood in a third, age in something different from all; but the emotion of delight is one. It is the thing delighted in that varies. An old man remembers but cannot revive the joys of youth. He does not therefore think the joys of age superior. They are different. Ideals change as life advances. They do not develop. What a man strives and hopes, nay even lies and sins for at one time, may be unattractive or hateful to him at another. No conception returns unmodified to the mind. If an artist could wholly forget some work of his own creation, he could not design the same again. A painter cannot copy his own picture without alteration. If an author's manuscript is burnt before publication, he cannot reproduce it. His work repeated results in something new. As it is with the individual so is it with a nation, so too with a race, and the sum of the races. There is nothing that is not new under the sun.

If the ideal and joy of all races and generations had been the same, Art would have been uniform and production might long ago have ceased. But from the beginning up till now men have changed their ideal from age to age, by modifying it from moment to

moment. The faith of one generation has differed from the faith of another. Enthusiastic preaching founds what infidelity in turn destroys. At one time men have loved the aspect of repose and power; at another they have delighted to contemplate images of the rage of combat. Sometimes they have sold themselves to sordid joys and left a barren record to be their scorn; but their successors have sacrificed comforts and even lives to raise some structure of enduring beauty, their glory and their crown for ever in the wide kingdom of the deathless past. Now the home of their fancy and of their faith has been a realm of heroes, majestic in beauty, faultless in action, and serene in thought. Now it has been some mystic place, indescribable save by symbolism, where Majesty unapproachable, Holiness unutterable, Power illimitable have overshadowed and overwhelmed all else by excess of splendour. Yet again, with ceaseless fertility, Fancy has conjured up other radiant phantoms for her delight. She has conceived, and called upon her servants to endow with enduring form, a Heaven of everlasting rapture and mirth in "gardens wherein rivers flow"; or the beautiful bower of the gentlest and fairest of queens, nursing for ever her faultless babe, with angels of light to be his playfellows and the saints of God to rejoice in him through all the twilight hours of an eternity of summer. Permanence in repose, triumph in victory, perfection of form, grandeur of ideal character, superhuman majesty,

boundless pity and love—these and a thousand more have been the Ideals, which men have worshipped and loved, lived and died for, painted and sculptured and sung, each in its turn, since man became the creature that we partly know.

What shall be the Ideal of any age and place is determined by a multitude of factors. Perhaps most important amongst them are the social and even the political conditions of the people. Christianity in Imperial Byzantium was different from Christianity in Feudal France, and different again from Christianity in Commercial England. The hierarchy of heaven to the subjects of the Eastern Empire was a reflexion of the powers of the Imperial Court. Feudal Europe pictured it as organized—even it also—on feudal principles. The average modern man's heaven I conceive to be a land of equality and general well-being.

Changes in political and social structure that the world passes through are accompanied by and expressed in a revolution or reformation of religious forms. Where art is the handmaid of religion, as it so often has been, its subject-matter correspondingly changes. Central Italian Art, when produced under the influence of the democratic mendicant orders, was very different from the Art of aristocratic Venice. The Architecture of the great feudal baronage had to be wholly modified for adaptation to the likings of the crowded populations of medieval industrial cities. The Art of Courts is

always diverse from the corresponding popular Arts. Court Arts for instance are distinguished by decorativeness and splendour of effect and artificiality of sentiment. Thus under the control of the magnificent Court of the Duke of Burgundy in the 15th century, an entirely new direction was given to the artistic ideal. Tapestries for instance came into great demand for the decoration of palaces and pavilions. The subjects depicted on them were hunting and battle scenes, incidents from famous romances, or courtly shepherds and shepherdesses, playing at peasantry. Libraries of illuminated manuscripts were formed, the volumes chosen for illumination being chronicles, romances of chivalry, poems, and the like. The traditions of illumination, which had been developed in service books, required much modification at the hands of artists called upon to apply them for the illustration of the story of Jason or "the brave knight Paris and the fair Vienne," or even the tale of Reynard the Fox.

The ancient Egyptian Empire passed through a stage of feudal organization, and the artistic style of this period presents some interesting analogies with that of Feudal Europe. The differences however are far greater than the similarities, because, though the political structure of the two periods was not dissimilar, all the other factors determining the Ideal were totally different in the two cases. Very potent, before modern days of rapid communication and cheap interchange of com-

modities, was the character of the materials supplied by Nature to a locality, and the chance that sometimes adapted them, in a manner that may almost be described as providential, to express and even aid in the development of a local ideal at a given date. Norway is a country possessing quantities of the hardest rocks; but Norwegian artists are not animated by an ideal that requires granite for its expression. The character of the local art does not match the quality of the local rock. But in ancient Egypt the syenites, diorites, and granites, which exist in profusion on the banks of the Nile, were the very rocks best adapted as material to enshrine the monumental simplicity of the ancient Egyptian sculptor's ideal. Professor Petrie has recently shown how, in the most ancient times, before the Egyptian ideal had been developed, the artisans of Egypt had learnt to work these stubborn substances skilfully, and to fashion them with infinite patience into bowls and other useful objects. The love of simple forms thus created doubtless reacted upon the workmen, and slowly taught them that largeness of treatment which became the great virtue of the Egyptian style when it ultimately did arise. But the Nile itself as a unifying political agency, which gave Egypt almost from the first into the hands of a despotic ruler, the climate also, and the Egyptian religion, worked together to the same end. It was the fortunate combination of these various factors, the singular adaptation of natural

resources to the national Ideal, that enabled the Egyptians to produce their wonderful and enduring works.

A similar good fortune befell the Greeks. Nature supplied them, as she supplied the people of Central Italy at a later date, with vast stores of purest marble close to their hand. But for the quarries of the Aegean coasts, the school of Pheidias could not have arisen; the Parthenon could not even have been designed. On the other hand the marble, which had remained unused in the bowels of the earth for countless ages, would not have been disturbed but for the combination of circumstances which brought the Greeks at a particular date to admire the kind of beauty which their marble was perfectly suited to embody. The material reacted upon the artist, imparting some of its qualities to him, and thus itself became a factor in the formation of the Greek Ideal.

The Gothic architecture and sculpture of France were likewise in part the result of the admirable sandstone provided by Nature upon the spot. If the local rock had been marble, Cathedrals like those of Paris, Amiens, Rheims, and Chartres would never have arisen. There would have been cathedrals, no doubt, embellished with carved decoration, but the style of French medieval architecture and sculpture would have been very different from what it actually was. Even a completed architectural style, removed from another country and built

in a new material, thereby undergoes change. Take for example the Cathedral of Trondhjem in Norway. The bluish soapstone from the local quarries, which cuts almost like cheese, made its own qualities felt in every detail of the decoration. The English-Gothic style, which was the architect's model, was thus changed into something new, and endowed with a local significance.

Great though the influence of local resources, climate, and other exterior factors, may be upon Art, such influences are often overborne by a change of dominant race or religion. No style of Art ever lasted so long as did that of ancient Egypt. It was not the changeless style that many persons think it to have been; it underwent all manner of variations, but all within definite limits. During at least 5000 years every product of artistic Egyptian industry was sealed with the sign of ancient Egypt, which even a superficial observer can readily recognize. Under the Ptolemies and the Roman Emperors no revolutionary change was effected, until the influence of Christianity began to appear. The Christian Ideal was undermining the ancient style when the Arab invasion took place, and from that day a new artistic epoch began. The most ancient existing mosque, that of Ibn-Tulun, is separated from the latest pagan building by a whole world-epoch. What happened to Egyptian architecture happened also to decoration and all the artistic appurtenances of life. An Ideal, which had survived through

5000 years, and had outlasted half-a-dozen changes in the dominant race, vanished from the earth in a couple of centuries, under the influence of religious revolution. The same was the case wherever the Musulman power extended. From Delhi to Granada a new style prevailed, swamping the previous styles of every race which the Musulman power controlled. Christianity prepared the way for Islam, but the artistic style of Musulman countries was a new thing. Its rapid divergence from the contemporary and nascent Christian styles is one of the most notable and instructive features of Art-history. I hope to devote a course of lectures to its consideration.

There is a disinclination on the part of Christian historians to ascribe the fall of Roman civilization to the triumph of Christianity. One fact however is clear —Christianity was a powerful agency in modifying the ancient artistic ideals. Grant that earliest Christian Art is merely Roman Art applied to new purposes. New styles can only spring out of old ones. The point to be observed is how the new spirit modifies the old forms and presently annihilates them. The Christian ideal abolished the pagan ideal in art as it did in life. No style of art can survive a radical change in the religion that inspired it. Buddhism in the East was similarly potent. It seized upon the technical processes and even the forms of the Greeks and applied them to new purposes, thereby producing a new artistic ideal,

which spread away to China, thence to Japan, and has endured to our own day.

There is yet another great force that may revolutionize an artistic style. It is the discovery of a new process or the employment of a new material. Greek architecture, as we know it, began by the imitation in stone of wooden structures. The memory of wood never quitted the style, even in its latest and most perfect developments. The change from wood to stone however was productive of a new style. We are witnesses of a corresponding change, actually taking place in our own day. Steel is becoming the important structural material in large modern buildings. The steel girder is now revolutionizing architecture. The new style has not yet emerged. At present metal structures are in the experimental stage. Before long perhaps we shall see the metal displaying itself, when a satisfactory method has been invented for preserving the material from injury by atmospheric action. A new style is undoubtedly in process of formation. It will produce a new architectural epoch. Who knows but what we may come to living in a kind of steel and papier-maché houses, easy to screw to pieces and remove from place to place, wherever (in these shifting days) the owner is compelled to wander? The habits of nomads will then return to us in a new form. Even towns will move about like great camps, as population shifts. It will be a charming world for restless folk.

Houses will be, as it were, published wholesale. You will buy a 10-roomed or 20-roomed house at a shop. "This style £500!" There will be dealers in second-hand houses, which have gone out of fashion and become antique, like furniture. This is a dream, of course, not a prophecy. The only thing we know for certain is that the future will be unlike the present. We are in the midst of a more rapid tide of change than the world has, perhaps, ever seen. That is what gives to life in our day its special quality—odious to some, to others stimulating.

I have thus enumerated a few of the chief influences by which artistic Ideals are affected. The number of them might be multiplied almost indefinitely. It is obvious that Ideals can seldom long endure, for the combination of influences that determine them must of necessity change with more or less rapidity. The long duration of the Egyptian Ideal was due to a remarkable concurrence of circumstances. How easily it might have been abolished was shown by the immediate effect of the Hyksos conquest. Their dominion however did not endure and they were expelled. If they had maintained themselves permanently in Egypt, the history of Egyptian art would have been different. I suggest, therefore, to students of Art-history that they pay much attention to the Succession of Ideals, and to the phenomena of change leading from one to another. It is generally the case that, in any culminating period of

artistic creation, one art leads the rest and gives them their tone. In the thirteenth century it was Architecture; all other arts were her handmaidens. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Painting led. Even sculpture was then picturesque. The change from architectural sculpture to picturesque sculpture may be traced in many French cathedrals and is very interesting to follow. Sculpture in the first period is a mere architectural decoration. In the second period architecture becomes a frame for sculpture or painting. What causes produced this patent effect? The subject is worth study. Similar changes may be observed at other periods of the world's history. They indicate the action of deep-rooted forces.

Though the whole History of Art is an account of a succession, not of a development, the history of any particular school is one of growth and decay. To the student of Italian Painting it may matter little that, while the art in which he is interested was decaying, the art of Drama was growing; but such in fact was the case. Generally we call the powers "good" which effect growth, and those "evil" which effect decay. As Mephisto says:

> "So ist denn alles, was ihr Sünde
> Zerstörung, kurz das Böse, nennt,
> Mein eigentliches Element."

But if there were no decay there could be no growth. If one Art Ideal did not give way to another, the past

would be bereft of its rich variety. A field in spring-time is fairer for its many flowers than it would be if it yielded only buttercups. The multiplicity of the products of the past is its glory. That multiplicity arises because all Ideals have both beginning and end; and everything includes within itself the seeds of decay as well as of growth. The world would be cursed by what we call "good," if it were not blessed by what we describe as "evil." Turn the hand of history backward and let that which follows precede, decadence becomes growth and growth decadence, evil good and good evil. These qualities exist only for the living, who are held in the bondage of time. They do not belong to the dead. The decadences of the past were as essential to us now as were the growths. Our only duty with regard to either is to preserve as a priceless heritage and hand down uninjured to the future the products that remain from all the great culminations.

An Ideal perishes by its own perfection, as a flower fades. Over every glorious culmination lowers the thundercloud, with lightning in its bosom ready to strike and to destroy. Thus in the Andes the finest spring morning begets the heaviest afternoon cloud. When the perfect moment of the day has come, and the great Cordillera displays its every glittering peak refulgent in the most brilliant sunshine, through clearest atmosphere, the cloud will soon be seen peeping over from the east. It rises and rises, bends over the mountain

crest, descends upon it, and pours down on to the plain beyond, darting forth lightnings and sweeping the land with besoms of hail.

When, in a former lecture, I advised students of Art-history not to restrict their interests to a single period or a single craft, I had the study of the Succession of Ideals in my mind. Let me now add that only those who have obtained a thorough knowledge of the stages of development, culmination, and decay of some one Ideal can be in a position to understand the general phenomena of growth and decay in others. It matters little what period or style be chosen for special study. It is with Ideals as with plants—the life-histories of all possess main general features in common. The seed, the bud, the flower, and the fruit follow with all alike. The botanist cannot confine his attention to blossoms only, nor the art-historian to the products of times of culminating power. To each every stage of growth will be interesting and beautiful.

If a student select Italian painting as his subject, he must search it out from its very beginnings. He must acquaint himself with its Margaritones; observe the advance made beyond them by its Cimabues and its Duccios, and beyond them in turn by its Giottos and Simones. He will soon discover that growth takes place by successive impulses, each the result of some special cause as well as of some particular person. He will find that an artist is able to make a further advance because

he wields existing forces, prepared for him by others. He will be led to realize that locality and local influences count for much; that what is accomplished in one place could not have been equally well accomplished in another; that the hour has to come, and the place to be suitable, before the man can act. The great result is produced by what seems to be a fortunate combination of chances. Raphael could not have shown the quality of his genius at any other time, or in any other country, than when and where he did.

Nature is prodigal in her distribution of capacities amongst men, but parsimonious in the provision of opportunities for their display;

> "of fifty seeds
> She often brings but one to bear."

Living alongside of us to-day there may be many men, any one of whom might be great if he chanced to match his day. Great artists are the exponents not merely of their own ideas but of their time. It is because they match their day that we are enabled to perceive their greatness. What chance would Palestrina have of recognition if he appeared in the 20th century? He would be driven as clerk into an office, and might not improbably die of drink. Paupers' graves entomb many a man born out of due time. All of us know obscure individuals in whom we can recognize atrophied qualities, which exercised might have raised them to pre-eminence. But no opportunity occurs for their exercise. As Ruskin

said, "I do not wonder at the evil that men do, but at the greatness they miss." The seemingly careless prodigality of Nature in producing powers that she does not employ, that is the marvel.

In a waxing period of art, one man of so-called originality gets his chance. His mood and his powers match the feeling and aspiration of the day. He gives visible expression to his own ideas, and lo! they are what the world at the moment is capable of appreciating. He carries the expression of the developing Ideal of the day a step further. Others imitate him. Amongst them one or another goes a step further. At last the culminating moment arrives, and the greatest men, raised on the shoulders of perhaps several generations of predecessors, attain the highest elevation. Intoxicated with the Ideal they give to it a final and complete embodiment. They have carried it, and it has carried them, to the extreme limit. Thenceforward progress is what we call downwards. Perfect harmony is destroyed. One quality, separated from others and given undue prominence, takes a lead that is inconsistent with perfection of beauty. Cleverness supplants ability. Technical skill becomes an end for its own sake. Fatigue overtakes the spectator. The last act is played. The drama is over. The audience has had enough. Let the curtain be rung down. The world is ready for something new.

Nor does it have long to wait. Somewhere else the

new thing is already growing and no one has perceived it, save here and there some silent and neglected individual in whom the future is already alive. Little dreaming that the potentiality of a great to-morrow is within him, he is working quietly at his task, feeling his way onward like a blind man. Forces of whose existence he knows nothing are impelling him whither he knows not. He only knows that he must work, that he must reach forward. Others fall under his influence. They meet with little recognition and usually with much hostility. They form a small group and nourish each other's hearts. At last the day comes when their work begins to be beheld with favour. The originating genius to whom they owe the first impulse is probably already dead, perhaps even forgotten by his own followers, who may never have known him. But the seed has taken root and cast up its first shoots. Sun and rain are kind to it; it is planted in suitable soil; it will grow into a great umbrageous tree.

The influence of an originator is a very obscure force. Probably no movement can be traced back to its germ. A word spoken at random may determine the fate of a career. Many of us, I daresay, can remember some casual remark that altered the whole course of our lives. Like a seed it was tossed to the four winds by the person who made it. It chanced to fall on soil ready to receive it, where it took root and grew. A new Ideal, in Art as in Life, may originate in such a casual fashion.

Who knows what chance word from some fakir set Siddhartha thinking, and so led to the foundation of Buddhism? Any of you who hear me to-day, may, when you least think it, set some stone of opinion rolling, which will start an avalanche, and change the face of things. No one will ever know who did it—the doer least of all.

An Ideal that has ceased to be the animating principle of a whole civilization is not thereupon dead. That which mankind as a whole, or a nation as a whole, has at any time striven after, in so far as it has been attained, enters into the sum of human possessions and may be acquired by any individual; nay, if it has once produced a moulding effect upon the race, it becomes the inheritance of all.

Any study if pursued to the end leads on to all other studies. Any fact may be chosen as the centre of all knowledge; because the universe of possible knowledge is infinite, whilst the area of what is known is bounded on all sides.

"Sphaera cujus centrum ubique, circumferentia nullibi."

But the boundaries of the known are constantly enlarged, first in one direction, then in another, by the passionate striving of men outwards. The goal-point of one generation's endeavour becomes a detail of the possessions of the next. I do not so much refer to the mere brute facts that men win from the unknown; those are the raw material out of which an ideal, by its formative

power, moulds true knowledge—that is to say, in its broadest sense, self-knowledge. A fact must be won from the unknown by the man of science, brought into connection with other facts by the philosopher, finally applied by the idealist—poet, artist, prophet—call him what you please.

The ancient Hebrews harmonized the world to their minds by an Ideal different from ours. Honestly working in the light of that, they accomplished wonders before their power ceased and their Ideal departed. Yet that same Ideal still exists and produces its effect upon individuals, forming part of the common stock of our intellectual possessions. So again the Hellenic Ideal, fine and potent as it was, failed into the past when it had done its work; yet it still exists and still produces an effect, but upon the individual instead of the race.

The centre of effort changes, but that which has been a centre ceases not to exist because the forces of humanity bear past it instead of upon it. A fact does not become more true by being known, nor an Ideal more fine because men strive towards it. The Ideal of a day puts on a more attractive splendour at the time of its culmination, and makes other Ideals pale in comparison; but when it too shrinks back into the ranks of its fellows of the past, its true magnitude becomes for the first time estimable. That "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity" ideal for instance—what a

coruscating portent it was when it swept over the wondering world! It is now gathering up its shrunken tail. In another century or two, men will be able to take the just measure of it, compared for instance with its flaming predecessor of the Reformation days.

Whatever part of any Ideal is true and good remains for ever a possession of mankind, though it will often be found on examination, and perhaps it may always be, as one said, that whatever is fundamentally new in it is not true, and whatever fundamentally true not new. The great value of all ideals lies not in their novelty, but in their harmonizing power. It is the possession of a common ideal, unknown though it be to themselves, that makes the varied labours of all the men of one civilization and day mutually helpful, without any definite intention on their part that it shall be so. The common aim towards truth, which, as far as one can judge, is the ideal of our civilization, harmonizes the work of men of every science, and with it that of philosophers, historians, and even artists. The labours of geologists, physicists, astronomers, and biologists combine to throw light on the question of the antiquity of man. The engineer investigating the phenomena of non-tidal estuaries prepares a weapon which the historian of ancient Egypt uses. Results arrived at by the embryologist place powerful arguments at the disposal of the student of the development of historic and prehistoric schools of art. The common aim towards truth admits of infinite

combination with minor ideals of endless variety, but it rules all the work that has any element of reality about it at the present day. Truth indeed is no new discovery: it is wondrous old. Individuals have followed its light, but no civilization was ever based upon the search after it before, nor by the nature of things well could have been. It was only when Science, having elaborated her methods, was enabled to take the lead, that her virtue could become the controlling one; just as the local god Ammon of Thebes became the great god of Egypt when Thebes raised herself to be the capital of the country.

Thus a new Ideal is not necessarily, and is perhaps never, a new discovery. It is merely that out of the infinity of possible virtues one takes the lead, that amongst the infinity of possible aims one is chiefly sought unto. The value of any Ideal depends, at any rate, not upon its novelty but upon the results it produces. That Ideal may assuredly be reckoned the most precious which has given the world the noblest lives and enshrined itself in the noblest forms. And that Ideal is assuredly the most base which has produced a race of self-seeking men and left behind it no lasting memorials of excellent thought to delight and chasten posterity.

Every Ideal in its day of power becomes expressed and enshrined in some form that would endure, if only men cared to preserve their heritage from the past. What a multitude of glorious possessions we might

have, not if our forefathers had devoted more of their energies to making fine things, but if they and we had devoted less to destroying those already made. The mind fails in attempting to grasp some measure of the loss that the world has suffered, not so much from neglect, which is partly excusable, but from wilful and insane destruction. The Egyptian Labyrinth, one of the mightiest buildings ever raised, might be standing now in almost perfection of repair, if men had not knocked it over to build miserable dwellings for their transient selves; and so with half the other temples of ancient Egypt. The polished granite casing of many colours was stripped from the Great Pyramid only a few centuries ago. The smile of the Sphinx was shot away by the playful bullets of the cultured French. The palaces of Assyria were burnt down. The glorious Parthenon existed long enough in tolerable repair to find itself sent to the skies by gunpowder. Some ten thousand marble statues were burnt into lime on the plains of Olympia alone. Almost every one of the battalions of bronze statues which ancient Greece produced has been melted down into cannon or other mean articles; and, of course, cupidity disposed of those made of gold and ivory. All the temples and public buildings of ancient Rome, with a few minor exceptions, are gone. The indescribable glories of Byzantium can hardly be guessed at. Only a disguised Hagia Sophia remains, a mere trifle from

the most wondrous city in ancient Christendom. The monuments of the Middle Ages have fared little better. Some buildings we possess—but how damaged!—shorn of their colour on wall and window, robbed of their statuary and their furniture; some paintings, too, but mostly ruined by ignorant and irreverent restoration. The tables of a room would hold all the wonderful remnants of work in the precious metals which have come down to us from medieval hands. Even within the last twelve months the armed forces of the civilized powers have wrought more havoc among the artistic treasures of the Far East than centuries of common neglect would have accomplished. Buildings of the most beautiful wooden architecture in the world have been burnt down, graves and palaces pillaged, libraries of ancient books given to the flames, and all manner of wanton destruction accomplished. And so one could go on for hours, and the half would not be told.

All these things have been destroyed, and the world has not been enriched with better in their place. Nor can aught take their place, be it ever so fine, for they were the shrines of bygone Ideals, makeable when they were made, and then only. He that destroys a thing that another once laboured to create murders a dead man. An honest carpenter may continue the influence of his honesty long after his death, if the work he has done be respected by those privileged to use it. If they wilfully destroy it, the good man's influence is at an end.

The major part of the usefulness and power of many men lies in the endurance of their work, and that endurance chiefly depends upon the piety of the generations that come after.

What shall we say, then, of the lost plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles, of the Zeus of Pheidias, of Leonardo's equestrian statue of Sforza, and all the multitude of glorious works which have vanished by the destruction or neglect of men? Are they everlastingly consumed, and is their glory a mere shivering of the air?

"Fortunatus had a wishing Hat," wrote Carlyle, "which when he put on, and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihilated Space; for him there was no Where, but all was Here. Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind, what a world we should have of it! Still stranger, should, on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish himself; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating Hats, make Time-annihilating! Of both would I purchase, were it with my last groschen; but chiefly of this latter. To clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any-*where*, straightway to be *There!* Next to clap-on your other felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any-*when*, straightway to be *Then!*" You might shoot at

will from ancient Tello to the Court of Kublai Khan, from the Athens of Pericles to the Rome of the Cesars. Everything that has been destroyed would re-exist for you.

> "Clear from marge to marge would bloom
> The Eternal Landscape of the past,
> A life-long stretch of time revealed."

If Death were to prove such a wishing-hat we might gladly die, and so escape from the bondage of time, which, like a wave across an infinite ocean, bears all the living along together. Noble deeds that none ever recorded or even saw, we should find them there, behold and rejoice in them. Noble lives, dimly remembered, they would all be there complete, and all the noble works of men with them, in that eternal garden of the larger universe. There each bygone Ideal would still exist, with its expressions about it and the heroes that it made. Good indeed, we might then affirm, that they "had their day and ceased to be," else had there been no place for others to arise and add to the glory of the sum of things.

Only those who hold such a faith can watch with equanimity the hideous energy of destruction evinced by man. Let us hope that somehow the treasures destroyed survive in what we call the past, though to the living they are henceforward lost. If they do thus survive we may demolish the noble works of our forefathers and surround ourselves with a desert to be our

record in the face of Futurity. Their noble deeds we may forget. But works and deeds are beyond our power to annihilate. They have an everlasting existence in a realm whither the hand of man cannot reach to wither and destroy.

Dreaming of such a timeless existence, and of such only, is it possible to say, to any man, or race, or civilization, or ideal, *Esto perpetua!*

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